

*Henry Foster*  
A HANDBOOK

TO THE

M. B. A.

GALLERY OF BRITISH PAINTINGS

IN THE

Art Treasures Exhibition.

*by Tom Taylor*

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PREFATORY AND GENERAL.

“WHAT in the world do you want with Art in Manchester? Why can't you stick to your cotton-spinning?” So a noble duke is said to have inquired when applied to for a contribution from his gallery to the Manchester Exhibition. Many, both in and out of that town, will be inclined to ask the same question, though few are likely to word it so bluntly. But, however the question may be couched, Manchester is bound to give to all who may ask it—duke or day-labourer, cotton-spinner or country gentleman, croaker, critic, utilitarian, or economist—a distinct and practical answer.

Manchester is the centre of a district more populous than any other in the Queen's dominions. The wealth of this population is proportionate to its density, and its laboriousness is at once the source and the measure of its wealth. The staple industry of this crowded community is one which owns little kindred with the beautiful; it must be carried out in large manufactories, by indoor labour continued for many hours together, and adopts as its special ministers the two grimmest elements of nature—fire and iron. Its master manufacturers must be men of close and keen application, or they would soon be distanced in the race of competition. Its handicraftsmen must be regular in their hours of labour, and diligent at their work; for steam and machinery

alternately their masters and their servants, inexorable as time and tide, wait for no man.

Labour, therefore, in one of its sternest and nakedest forms, is the lot of Manchester. She has wisely made it her pride; has devoted herself to it with right-down John Bull earnestness of purpose. There was a time when labour alone sufficed for the serious hours of Manchester masters and Manchester men. What leisure they had was given to animal enjoyment; to abundant feasts, copious potations, rough pleasures, and brutal sports. Thus, even in those days, the life of this population showed that man will not brook continuous, unrelieved labour. But such employment of leisure was more degrading than the most grinding toil. The time for this base misuse of the hours of rest is gone by. From the highest to the lowest of us that fact is apparent. The spirit is daily usurping upon the flesh; culture spreads among all classes; travelling is every day easier; books grow daily cheaper and more accessible; we have yearly more and more public parks, Athenæums and reading-rooms, popular lectures and schools of design. Our children are better taught; our adults seek higher amusements; Manchester Agnews and Grundys are among the most enterprising of art-traders; Manchester manufacturers are the best patrons of living artists.

Looking, therefore, to the fine arts as unconnected altogether with manufacturing design, we need be at no loss for reasons why Manchester should trouble herself about pictures and statues. The craving for the beautiful has grown up even in this great workshop. Those who have felt how much the temperate satisfaction of that craving calms, and purifies, and ennobles, will be most anxious that the appetite should spread, and that the means of gratifying it should be amply and grandly ministered. The more richly covered the table, the more free the access to it, the more numerous the guests, the wider their range of condition between highest and humblest, the better. Were there no more than this, then—we repeat it—Manchester has good reason to gather together her exhibition of art treasures. But the fine arts have their application also to design. It is not easy to over-estimate their importance in this respect to a district which contributes so largely to the textile productions of the world. As



society grows more cultivated, it demands more and more as much beauty in things of daily use as can be infused into them. Superiority in design may often be the determining element in deciding between rival centres of manufacturing industry. If to cheapness of production England can add beauty of design, she is doubly armed against all competitors.

This Exhibition has wisely been planned with a recognition of this double service of art. It includes the art which appeals purely to the sense of the beautiful, and the art which brings down beauty to the service of daily life. In the Gallery of Ancient Masters, it shows what the Italians and Germans have done to kindle devotion, perpetuate historical event, keep alive the memories of great men and fair women, and transmit records of fashions and manners, between the thirteenth and the eighteenth century. In that long aisle which contains the finest works of the English school, it sets forth all our native painters have accomplished to fix the changing glories of earth, and sea, and sky, and to hand down the outward seeming of our poets and statesmen, our philosophers and soldiers, our artists and beauties. But not the less in its collections of carved ivories, precious jewels, rich plate, curious enamels, and rare arms; in its accumulations of Italian, and Flemish, and Eastern pottery, porcelain, and glass; in its display of the gorgeous tapestries of Arras, Yprès, and the Gobelins, and the harmoniously coloured fabrics of Chinese and Indian looms; in its marshalling of the quaint and fantastic furniture and cabinet-work of Venice and Urbino—it furnishes to the intelligent manufacturer and workman the most valuable store of examples, suggestions, and warnings, to teach him in what spirit to work, what to aim at, and what to avoid.

But to profit by all that is gathered together in this storehouse of art and design, will require time, attention, and deliberate survey. To saunter through the place at random, looking at what catches the eye, picking up a name here and a date there, and to wind up such a stroll with a good dinner, in first or second class refreshment room, may be a very pleasant way of spending a summer's day; but we would fain hope that for very many of the visitors this exhibition will serve a worthier and higher purpose, that it may be a place of study rather than a lounge, a

school instead of a playroom. For those who are rich enough to purchase season tickets this will be easy. But that such use of the occasion may not be altogether out of the reach of the working classes, we earnestly hope that the committee will lose no time in opening the building for Saturday half-holidays at a price of admission low enough to meet the means of even our poorest fellow-citizens. In this way only can the uses of the exhibition be made available for nine out of every ten of the population. The numerous detailed notices of the different departments of this magnificent collection which have already appeared in the columns of provincial and metropolitan journals must have already informed the public of the main features of the exhibition. But a general summary of these may not be out of place at the moment of its opening. We venture to accompany this summary with an indication of the order in which this enormous assemblage of objects may be surveyed, so that its component parts may be made to throw most light upon each other. For this purpose we will assume the building to stand due west and east.

The visitor will do well to begin with the southern aisle. In its three saloons, with the vestibules giving entrance to the nave, or central aisle, are ranged the pictures of the old masters—the Italians on the right, the Germans on the left of the visitor as he enters from the upper or western doorway. The first saloon exhibits the painters from the first revival of the art in the 13th century, to its second spring at the close of the 15th. But before the visitor begins his inspection by the quaint, black, Byzantine efforts in the north-western corner, he will forgive our reminding him that he stands by the cradle of modern painting. He has an infant before him. He must not sneer and pass it by because it has not the proportions, thews, and sinews, of a man. Ancient art had died under the mingled effects of degeneracy and disorder, when modern art dawned in the unpromising and uninviting forms which he will see displayed on that upper wall. With the accumulated influences of five centuries of art acting upon us, we have a difficulty in understanding how men like ourselves could ever have painted so badly. But it is so. Society in all its great developments is like an individual. Just as every one of us, in his childhood, draws childishly, so all art, in this its



childhood, was childish in the simplicity of its conception and the feebleness of its hand. But 13th century art was not merely a child—it was a child in swaddling-clothes. It was not free to use the puny strength that belonged to it. Theology stepped in to prescribe rigidly what the painter should represent, and how he should represent it. It was heresy to paint a virgin in a dress of any but certain colours; to put a saint's hands in any but certain positions; to arrange a group in any but a certain fashion. This was the Byzantine practice; the rule of the Greek church, of which Byzantium was the metropolitan seat, and wherever the faith of the Greek church prevails, this rule still fetters its painters. You may see evidence of it in the modern Russian pictures (22, 23, 31*a*), very properly hung among these early works. Follow the gradual growth of painting from this slavish infancy along the wall; note the indications of freer movement, and more natural expression in Giotto [(24, 26, 29, 30, 32), and his scholars (17, 43, 47), till, with the southern wall, the length of its stride in a hundred years is visible in that broad bold head of "Masaccio" (51). From him each step becomes freer and firmer. See how beauty has grown out of rigidity in the hands of Botticelli (77, 78, 100), and how grouping has become more complex, dignity more commanding, and angelic loveliness fully recognisable in the large picture of Cosimo Roselli (68), the Last Judgment, the Madonna Enthroned, and the Head of the Saviour of Fra Beato Angelico, (58, 59, 63), and the circular pictures above it, from the hands of his contemporaries. Perugino embodies a further advance (109, 110, 117), and that lovely series of small pictures (83 to 87), forming part of a *predella*, or base of an altar-piece, already glow with the dawn which ushers in the full glories of Raphael. From this point there is less need of guidance. But the progress of religious painting from Raphael onwards, though Art now moves altogether unfettered, and with all the show of manly strength, is to be followed, if with more ease, yet with ever diminishing hope and satisfaction. The influence of great masters will be seen working to destroy all pious earnestness of purpose, and to substitute for the simple, deep-felt determination to embody a thought, or represent an action, the desire to parade the painter's power, and

to revel in the mere mastery of colour and composition. Up to Raphael, and for some time in his hands, art was the minister to religion. From his time art was a self-worshipper. It was only redeemed from the sad fate of all self-worship, by turning from the ministry of religion to the representation of men and of outward nature. The religious pictures of the later Venetian and Bolognese schools, which glow along the wall of the second compartment, are mere glorious combinations of colour, and masterly representations of human form. The only true Italian art henceforth was portraiture, or splendid mythological decoration. And at length the corroding and corrupting influence of vanity and self-worship invaded even these fields, and Italian art, before we reach the third bay of the aisle, may be said to have perished altogether. It was a short life, but a full and a glorious one; and it has left us these its inheritances of purity and power for all time to come.

Spanish art takes up Italian. Thanks to the passion and sternness of Spanish catholicism, there is true, if unlovely, religiousness in the painting of the Spanish masters. Murillo in his scenes from New Testament history, painted gloriously the people of his time,—how gloriously this second vestibule shows. But after all, the finest work of his, even here, is his own portrait. And the splendour of Spanish art is summed up in Murillo and Velasquez, a portrait-painter—as this exhibition gives proof—little, if at all, inferior to Titian.

German art should next occupy the attention of the visitor. But, to avoid retracing his steps, he may study it retrospectively, following the great river from its broadest reach in Rembrandt, Vandyck, and Rubens, back to Holbein (471), Albert Dürer (462), Matsys (445), Mabuse (436), Memling (393, 403), the masters of Cologne (379, 380, 382), to the great fountain-head, Hubert and John van Eyck (375), who are here, unfortunately, represented by a copy only of their greatest work, the “Adoration of the Lamb.”

The visitor will find the same lesson read in the progress of the German as in that of the Italian schools. After the first period of youthful dedication to pious uses, portraiture, landscape, and common life furnish its only true inspiration.

This fact will render intelligible the great distinction which



separates the English from the Italian and German schools. Our art has no religious past, as theirs had. We received art when it had become secular, and ceased to be religious. Religious art has never yet been engendered in a protestant community; it seems unable to find suitable food beyond the pale of the Roman catholic church. English art can only be called religious in so far as it exhibits God in the beauty and grandeur of the outward world, or through the emotions and acts of men.

But how much religion there may be even in art so divorced from the service of the altar, this English gallery furnishes abundant proof to those who are prepared to receive it. There is religion in the face of a good man; in the loveliness of every really beautiful woman; even in such a bluff homely face as Hogarth's Captain Coram (30), stamped—roughly though it be—with the ineffaceable seal of benevolence. There is religion in the love of a mother for her child. That group of the Countess Althorp and her daughter, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, full of the tender unselfishness of maternal love,—what is it but religious? And for the whole range of those religious emotions which the contemplation of nature is capable of exciting—the deep peace of summer calms—the awful terror of tempests—the serenity of cultivated uplands—and the heaven-ward uplifting of morning and evening skies, go to the magnificent series of Turner's works, the crowning glories of this English gallery, and say if such pictures are not religious. Is there no religion in Hunt's "Awakened Conscience," in Mulready's "Train up a Child in the way he should go," in Landseer's "Shepherd's Grave," in Leslie's "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church"? All art that awakens the higher and holier affections in us, that weans from evil, that attracts to good, that kindles sympathy with innocent enjoyment and pure pleasures, that makes us feel more kindly and genially towards our fellow-creatures, is, in a broad but sound sense, religious art. Of such art the English school might well have more, but it has never been altogether wanting among our painters, not even in the dead-alive times when the classical and the academical were the sole objects of orthodox worship in our schools of art. No guidance is wanted through the English gallery. With a great part of its treasures many of our visitors

will be already familiar; but no living man has ever seen such a continuous series of the works of English painters since England took dwarfed and emaciated art from George the Second's Dutch protégés, and nurtured the puny sapling into that brave, broad, full-bearing tree of which some of the best fruits are here garnered.

From the English oil painters, the visitor will naturally pass to the masters in water colours, of whose works he will find a magnificent show in the gallery which stretches behind and across the building beyond the orchestra. Here, as he traced Italian art from its Byzantine source to its broadest development in Raphael, he may mark the growth of English water colour from its feeble infancy in Paul Sandby, to its splendid consummation in Turner. Besides a long gallery filled with the master-pieces of those who are still labouring for our delight, here is a room full of the drawings of deceased water-colour painters, including a complete series of Turner's works, from his first exhibited drawing to the productions of his latest years. Mr. Holmes has even been enabled to keep his expressed intention of closing this series by the drawing which last employed the dying hand of this great genius, who above all men has a right to be called the head of the English water-colour school.

The water-colours examined, there still remain—in the way of pictures alone—the historical portrait gallery, which lines the nave on either side, and the gallery illustrating the history of engraving, from its chance birth out of the pyx of Tomaso Finiguerra, to its latest achievement under the burins of Cousens or Doo. The historical portrait gallery is sure to attract attention. Some two hundred feet of Vandycks can scarcely escape notice—or a whole regiment of sleepy-eyed, satin-clad, lazy, languishing houris from the harem of Charles the Second. But the chronological series of engravings arranged in the gallery to the south of the orchestra is less under the eye, and the visitor, unless specially directed, may miss what, to every one who takes an interest in art, must be one of the most valuable portions of the whole exhibition. Indeed there is no pictorial department of the collection nearly so complete as this. Its arrangement has been entrusted to the thoroughly competent hands of Mr. Holmes,

with the aid of Messrs. Colnaghi and Scott. What the stores of these gentlemen do not themselves supply, for the illustration of the engraver's art from Marc Antonio to Bewick, their business connection and personal influence combined have been amply sufficient to obtain. To their united efforts we are indebted for such an illustrated history of engraving as not even the British Museum could parallel,—such as indeed no collection of any sovereign or public institution in the world can pretend to rival.

The engravings examined, there still remain the photographs; and, if the visitor have still a brain to comprehend, an eye to distinguish, or a leg to stand upon, he must yet be marshalled—it is true that the admirable arrangement of Mr. Waring and his assistants will much facilitate his progress—through the enamels of Limoges, the glass of Venice, the pottery of Gubbio, Pesaro, and Castel-Durante; the porcelain of China and Japan, of Sèvres and Dresden, and Worcester; the mediæval and renaissance ivories, and the gold plate of our university, corporate, and palatial treasures. Let him note how the career of all these arts is identical with what he has seen in the case of painting—a progress from rudeness to thorough perfection of finish, and thence to display of self and parade of power in the artist; reaching its height of achievement in the 16th century, and from that point declining ever downwards to utter affectation and paralysis in the middle of last century. Our present art of design, all through the west, is entirely a modern revival—a second renaissance. Only in the unchanging east no such passage is apparent; the brass bowls and ewers of Mousul or Morocco, the dragons and jars of Fokien or Quangtun, are what they were in the days of Marco Polo or the Crusades.

There still remain for notice the arms and armour of all times, since men first took to knocking each other on the head, or stabbing or shooting each other through the body with the one, and of guarding their heads and limbs against steel or lead with the other. And this accomplished,—with flying glances from time to time at marble statue, quaintly-carved and richly-encrusted cabinet, curiously barred and guarded chest, gilded and jewelled shrine with its groups in coloured wood or fair ivory, or massive memorial in silver or in gold,—the Indian Court has still a last



demand to make upon the visitor's jaded sight and over-taxed faculty of admiration. If he have strength to "do" this court, too, he will indeed have earned that sustentation of his inner man which Mr. Donald has catered so vastly for, by anticipation; and oh! how he will enjoy that marbled sirloin of Aberdeen beef—those plump thighs of Dorking chickens—and a cool and sparkling bottle of Moët, topped up with a becoming share of a magnum of that '40 port now piled in fabulous numbers of dozens under the floor of Mr. Donald's strong room! While we would earnestly recommend a temperate and measured enjoyment both of the wonders which the committee have got together and of the good things Mr. Donald has purveyed, for those who partake of the intellectual, as for those who sit down to the material feast of the day, we have only one wish—

" May good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !"

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### THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

For those whose leisure and circumstances permit them to pay frequent visits to the Exhibition of Art Treasures, and who are disposed to turn to account the rare opportunities it affords for study of the progress of painting and design, we have already indicated the order in which we conceive that the collection may be visited with most profit.

But the Exhibition will have many visitors whose time will not permit such systematic study; many whose tastes in art may not incline them to devote serious consideration to the ancient masters. For these the gallery of the English school will probably have most attraction. Manchester picture-buyers, as a rule, prefer to invest their money in modern works. This is by no means a fact to be regretted. Quite the reverse. So long as noblemen were the sole patrons of Art, and picture-dealers their principal advisers in forming galleries, old masters usurped the field, almost to the exclusion of contemporary painters. The patron, in nine cases out of ten, was unable to distinguish a genuine Raphael from a tolerable copy, and the picture-dealers found a



mine of wealth in this ignorance. While they were able to sell copies at the prices of originals, it was not to be expected that they would urge their employers to the purchase of modern works, in which no such deception was possible. The living painter was sure, sooner or later, either to oust the dealer altogether, or, at least, to reduce his profits to something like the fair remuneration of mere agency. Thus pitted against the ancient masters, with only ignorant patrons to appeal to from dishonest dealers, the English painter had his choice of two alternatives. He might represent nature as he saw her, and starve; or he might paint her through the spectacles of the old masters who happened to be in fashion, and then he had a chance of subsistence—though a bare one. The history of English art, from the time of Hogarth to the end of last century, is full of illustrations of this fact and its consequences. Wilson starved in a garret. So did Barry. Hogarth, himself, was protesting all his life against the undue neglect of living painters. He was wretchedly paid for his pictures, and owed his own modest competence mainly to the success of his engravings. These were within the reach of the public. Patrons might allow his paintings to go for as many shillings as they would now fetch pounds; but his engravings spread from one end of the kingdom to the other. They were the ornament of every country house, of every inn-room, of every citizen's parlour. Thanks to his burin, he was able to laugh noble patrons and tricky dealers to scorn. Those who bought his engravings were the very class that now buy modern pictures. As relish for art has spread with culture, the middle class has increased in numbers and in wealth: and the painter has at length come to look to them as his truest patrons. Untrained to the appreciation of old pictures, too honest to affect a taste he does not possess, the middle-class picture-buyer seeks for works which represent the scenes he knows, the aspects of things as they appear to him, the faces and manners of his own time, or those of other times contemplated in the spirit of his own. He is no archæologist. He cannot throw himself back in imagination to the days when a whole city broke into rejoicing over the installation of a Madonna, or prostrated itself in homage before some wonder-working picture or statue.

We must not be misunderstood, however. He is not the better because he cannot do this. But it is better that, not being able to do it, he has the honesty to avow his inability, and to testify to it by the pictures he buys. Nine-tenths of the noble picture-buyers who went into raptures over a dingy Caracci, or a fictitious Raphael, were as ignorant, and as incapable of true appreciation of old pictures as he is, only they had not the courage to confess it. Collecting a gallery, and prating about its contents, were fashions of the day, and so men of fashion must be virtuosi, cognoscenti, and diletianti, just as they must go the grand tour, and drop their money at the gambling-table at White's or Brookes's, or vote with the opposition or the minister in the House of Commons.

The taste of the middle classes, then, for modern pictures is a wholesome fact—good for painters, good for the art, good for honesty and truth, which is the cause of all true art. Out of genuine relish for the moderns will gradually grow up a sound appreciation of the great men of the past, in its due measure, and with a right understanding of their beauties. But let that appreciation rise as high as it may, there will always be a very limited number of genuine ancient works in the market, and their price will always be high. This of itself will, in a great measure, confine the modern lover of art who is forming a gallery and insists on having genuine pictures in it, to the artists of his own time who can verify their own works. For reasons founded on these considerations we have resolved to begin our survey of the art treasures now collected at Old Trafford, with the pictures of the English School. We do so with equal pride and pleasure that we have such a noble array of them to comment on. But, before referring to particular examples, it may be well to lay down on this, the threshold of our criticism, the principles on which it will be founded.

In a picture, it must always be borne in mind, there are two distinct elements for appreciation—the thought embodied in it, and the technical means by which the thought is expressed upon canvas. Painting is the language of representation. But as objects are to the painter what words are to the writer, he is as much bound to give us truthfully represented objects as the

writer is to give us accurate words. And as writing has its laws, of which grammar is the sovereign law, and, subordinate to that, grace of style, rhythm, arrangement, and so forth; so painting has its laws, of which truthful representation is the sovereign, and, subordinate to that, composition, harmony of colour, grace in form, and all the other qualities which charm in a picture, independently of truth, but never inconsistently with it.

Further, as the writer takes rank according to the height of his subject—supposing other qualities equal—so the subject of the painter must be taken into account in our estimation of him—the power of representation being supposed equal. As an author with a lofty theme, to which he is unequal, may produce a worse book than another treating a lower matter which he is competent to grapple with, so the painter of a noble subject, if it be beyond his powers, may be a worse painter than he who keeps a lower flight, but one in harmony with his strength and stroke of wing.

We must, therefore, class pictures neither by their subject merely, nor by their art of representation merely, but according to the relation which the one of these bears to the other. He who has painted the sublimest event in the world's history,—the Crucifixion,—as well as Teniers paints a drinking bout of Dutch boors, is an infinitely greater painter than Teniers. But yet Teniers is a greater painter than many a second-rate Italian master who has never painted anything but the most momentous incidents in New Testament record. It may be we should assign a higher place in the hierarchy of intellects to the artist who deals, however imperfectly, with lofty themes, than to him who, with the consummate pictorial power of Ostade or Mieris, has never soared above their ignoble range of subject. But the classification of men as thinkers is one thing; their classification as painters is another. A bad poet may be greater than a good writer of farces. But as a workman he is inferior. And painters, as such, must be judged according to their workmanship. Nor let this condemn us as indifferent to choice of subject. Let every man choose the highest of which he is capable. We should cherish, both by praise and patronage, every indication of a desire to uplift the imagination—to purify, instead of polluting, the soul—to ennoble, instead of degrading, the spirit of the spectator—to beautify



existence, to consecrate daily life and human affections—to charm us with sweet holy thoughts and fair chaste forms. In other words, we should always seek to raise the man in the painter, and never miss doing homage to every manifestation of good and pure, and loving manhood in the painter's work.

We do not feel that any limitation of these conclusions is necessary to meet the case of different branches of art. There is a high and a low in landscape, as well as in portraiture or in historical or domestic incident.

We would beg of our readers to keep these considerations in mind, as they accompany us in our survey of the English pictures in the Exhibition. We do not believe that by doing so they will be subjecting our school to an ordeal beyond its strength. It is not with us as with the Flemish and Dutch painters of the seventeenth century. In their case, with few exceptions, art was confined to the most grovelling employment of its rare gifts. A power of painting seldom equalled, and never surpassed, was lavished on pots and pans, on hedge-alehouses and fish-markets, on the quarrels of boors, or the amours of troopers and burghers, almost as coarse and sensual. Even Dutch portraiture is rarely noble in its subject, though many exceptions may be quoted against us, and though the rare skill of the painter, and his consummate use of light and shade, in many cases, have invested ignoble faces with dignity and something not far removed from grandeur. Nature is never vulgar. But Dutch nature comes as near vulgarity as nature can come. The ponds and copses of Hobbema; the flat shores and muddy dyke-pent seas of Lingelbach, Van der Velde, or Backhuysen, nay even the petty waterfalls and pine woods of Ruysdael—all exhibit nature in almost the homeliest garb that sea, and sky, and earth can wear. But nature, in her lowest aspects, has yet the stamp of God's hand upon her, and true representation will always reveal the latent majesty. Be earth never so unlovely, the great heaven at least bends over all. There is a large flat landscape, by Rembrandt, in this collection (698), which shows what grandeur may be given by consummate art, to an expanse of banks of peaty earth and fat alluvial pasture cut through by the reaches of a sluggish river, without a single "accident" of hill or dale,



bright green wood, or gladdening flower, or even flooding glory of golden sunlight.

England, in life, in landscape, and in portraiture, has been infinitely more favoured by the Creator than Holland or Flanders. If we have failed to produce painters as perfect, it has certainly not been for lack of matter for them to work upon.

Next, there are divers modes of representation, of which we may not say that any one is right, to the exclusion of the other.

There is the broad treatment, which deals with things in mass—marking the broad distinctions of deep shade, half tone, and light in all its gradations, and leaving out much of the details of objects. This kind of work demands to be viewed at a certain distance. It is true, as far as it goes; and it is based on the theory that this mode of representation is the best suited to human senses and human faculties. It abandons advisedly the attempt at microscopic rendering of the infinite minutiae of a landscape, a figure, a group or a face.

In sketches this mode is seen in its most recognisable and avowed form, but it has been employed by whole schools upon system, in all their works. The picture is to be true as far as it goes, but it does not profess to give the whole truth. We should judge works of this class on their own principle.

Another and an opposite school starts with the determination to give perfect finish to all parts of a work—to put in, so far as human eyes and hands can do, all the detail of nature. This school is a bold one, and demands rare qualities of observation and industry. It challenges nature. As she leaves nothing sketchy or unfinished, and as, nevertheless, everything keeps its place on her canvas—the masses telling as masses, though made up of an infinite number of sub-divisions, and the object of most interest commanding our eye infallibly, though it is not more highly finished than the multiplicity of things that surround it—so it should be, say this school, with a good representation, and so shall it be with our pictures. This was the Dutchmen's way of working, though, by choice of subjects admitting great aid of chiaroscuro, they were enabled to conquer many of the difficulties of their method. It is the school in which our own hardy young innovators, the pre-Raphaelites, are still holding fierce dispute with all

gainsayers. Let us attempt to appreciate and admire the efforts of both parties, and in our judgment of each to apply the principles by which it claims to be judged.

In the gallery, now for the first time collected together, the spectator may trace the whole history of the English school. It is a young one still. It should always be borne in mind, when we are measuring our painters against their continental brethren, that they have a pedigree of five centuries, while we are *novi homines*—men who scarce know our artistic grandfathers.

In portraiture, it is true, if we may avail ourselves of the foreigners who have worked in England, we can make out something like an ancestry, by hooking ourselves on to Hans Holbein, and inserting in our genealogical tree Zuccherro, More, Vansomer, Mytens, Vandyck, Lely, and Kneller. But in all other branches of the art we cannot go beyond the first quarter of the last century.

As we cast our eyes along this noble aisle, closed at one end by the Blue Boy of Gainsborough, at the other by Macclise's Macbeth, and Leighton's procession of Cimabue, who shall say we have not reason to be proud of our English painters?

Here we may note the full spring of portraiture in the hands of Reynolds and Gainsborough, from the wooden and lifeless hands of Dahl, Gervas, and Hudson, to the most various and exulting life. Barely has it been given to a school to possess at the same time two such masters. Here we may measure them one against the other, in some of their choicest examples. The comparison, however, is hardly fair to Reynolds, unless we consider—as, perhaps, we are in justice bound to consider—careful choice and use of material as one element in estimating a painter. Reynolds was so ignorant of chemistry, and so careless of consequences, in his eager search after the means of immediate effect, that he never scrupled to blend colours mutually destructive, or to mix unequally-drying mediums and varnishes. To this we have to attribute the ruin of many of his finest works, and the serious damage of almost every portrait that ever came out of his studio. But, comparing the two masters as they hang on these walls, we are not sure that the two portraits by Gainsborough, which adorn the east end of the gallery, are not superior—the one in painting, the other in all the requisites of female portraiture—to anything we have here from

the hand of Reynolds. Every one knows the story of the Blue Boy. Sir Joshua had maintained that the predominance of blue in a picture is incompatible with a good effect of colour. There was no love lost between the painters. Gainsborough never forgave Sir Joshua for describing him as "the first landscape painter of the day." He painted this picture, perhaps as much to show his claims to be considered the first portrait painter of his time, as to disprove Sir Joshua's theory about the predominance of blue. At all events, the picture goes almost as far in proof of the one fact, as of the other. The boy painted was a Master Buttall, of whom we know nothing; but Gainsborough has given us a face of rare shrewdness and humour atop of the blue jacket and continuations, and has so set his solid, life-like, easy figure in a landscape grandly suggestive in its masses of lurid sky, and its sweep of broken ground and woodland, that the whole work rises into the ideal of portraiture. It is a story; it is a poem; you may look at it till you build a future for the boy—till you find yourself speculating as to his character and belongings. Look closely at the picture, and there is infinite freedom and facility, but no carelessness, in the sweeping brush-work of the dress, in the strong yet delicately-managed shadows of the face, in the stately swell of the landscape, and the lighting up of the stormy sky. Go to a distance, and the power still makes itself felt. From half way up the gallery the "Blue Boy" still stands out like a solid piece of healthy flesh and blood. It does not require distance to be enjoyed, and yet enjoyment of it is enhanced by distance. And if the "Blue Boy" be the very incarnation of youthful manhood, when was ever the daintiest and most delicate charm of womanhood more sweetly put into form than in that lovely girl—we beg her pardon, she is Mrs. Graham,—that lovely young woman, by his side? Of the hundreds of thousands who will walk through this gallery before the Exhibition closes its doors, not one, we feel the most satisfactory conviction, will leave it without having stood before this portrait, and done loyal homage to its bewitching loveliness.

Lithe as a young birch sapling, graceful as a fawn, she stands, poised on her delicate feet—one must be tapping the ground in its pointed high-heeled satin shoe—her neck curving like a swan's,



in very consciousness of her beauty ; the blue eyes looking scorn, the ripe young lip curved with pretty anger, which yet has so much contempt in it that she will not lift the taper hand that rests on the pedestal she leans against. The very feather in the other hand is unruffled. What has happened to call that scornful lightning into her eye, that pride upon her lip ? Is it some indiscreet admirer, who has ventured a premature declaration ; or some rival, who has tried to supplant her in a heart where she has stooped to set her image ? A bold man he were that dared—even upon his knees—to breathe a word of love to that haughty young beauty ; a bold rival who should attempt to cut her out where she had deigned to smile.

But she is married. It is Mrs. Graham—the catalogue informs us—Lord Lynedoch's wife. Can it be that that look is for the Honourable Mr. Graham ? *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ !* Has he been cruel—or only not submissive enough ? Beautiful as she is, we are not quite sure, on second thoughts, that we envy the late Lord Lynedoch. There is something alarmingly like a spice of the evil one kneaded up in this angel's clay. She who can so scorn, can scold ; the bow of these lips can launch bitter words, as well as thrilling smiles, or there is no faith in physiognomy. But away with misgiving, in the presence of such loveliness ;—temper and all—who would not be cuffed by those fairy fingers ! Who would not put his neck under that satin slipper, though he knew it would sometimes press heavily ! To be scolded out of such a pair of lips would be worth many kisses of most women. Scorn from such eyes were better than love from eyes less splendid.

But though we have placed Gainsborough's two portraits above all by Reynolds in this gallery, we do not mean seriously to contend that Sir Joshua is to be classed as inferior to his rival. All we mean is, that Sir Joshua comes second, as represented in the English gallery of our Exhibition. Luckily we can call in aid the Hertford collection, the contributions from which are hung in the north saloon, beside the orchestra. Here is the portrait of Nelly O'Brien, which, were the subject of it as charming as Mrs. Graham, might divide empire with that bewitching picture. As far as pictorial treatment goes, the Nelly O'Brien is undoubtedly the finer work of the two. As to the subject of the



picture, the less we inquire into Nelly's reputation the better. Those who are curious and not nice, may consult the "Scandalous Chronicle," of last century; they will there learn how Nelly came to be thus familiarly styled. But for us, and for all to come, she is a picture—a wonderful one. It is better to know the lady only upon canvas. Our admiration of her there will neither empty our pockets nor wring our consciences. There she sits, in her lustrous satin-striped dress, and fine lace apron, with the sunlight shining through her semi-transparent mushroom hat, and half lighting—with amazing truth of effect—the lazy, handsome, self-indulgent face. Features, form, figure, and attitude all tell one story of lazy luxurious life. The picture is the very impersonation, from head to foot, of sweet do-nothingness. This admirable work is in as admirable preservation; and we charge our readers, if they wish to appreciate Sir Joshua fully even from what is shown of his here, not to fail to study his Nelly O'Brien. His "Mrs. Anderson Pelham feeding chickens" (155), hung on the other side of the Blue Boy, as if to challenge comparison with Mrs. Graham, is charming in conception and action; a pretty high-born lady never played hen-wife more gracefully. The cocks and hens may well look excited and important, at the apparition of such a courtly purveyor of their morning barley. But the colours of the picture have flown. It is only a dim ghost now of what must, when fresh, have been one of Sir Joshua's most fascinating female portraits.

The original choice of occupation for Mrs. Pelham suggests an observation as to Sir Joshua's attitudes and occupations of his sitters, of importance with relation to the practice of our contemporary portrait painters. Remark in this, and the other portraits of the master, the felicitous and various employment of the persons he is painting. There is "Dr. Robinson," for example (49), in this collection,—an archbishop,—taken in his chair among his books, but not as if he had been entrenched in a bulwark of ponderous tomes, only to maintain his archiepiscopal dignity under their shelter against all heretics, scoffers, and scorners. He merely happened to be sitting in his library when Sir Joshua called. As his name was announced, the archbishop turned round, of course; but, being a studious man, he did not

rise from his book; indeed he had no time to do so, for Sir Joshua caught him just as he looked over his shoulder, and has fixed him so looking for ever on this canvas. There is no conventional inkstand, pillar, and red curtain, though the occasion was a tempting one; a scholar and an archbishop would have justified all three. Then, in the portrait of "Sir W. Chambers" (53), Sir Joshua has fixed *him* at work, pen in hand, on his plan of Somerset House. He is not planted out of doors, in a fine open country, with his hat off, and a roll of paper in his hand, as great men are so often caught by the portrait painters now-a-days.

Or take that large composition of the "Braddyl Family" (52), a picture by the way, hitherto unknown among the famous Reynoldses, having lain *perdue* since it was painted, in the country house in whose garden, we may suppose, the cheery English country gentleman and his lady-like matronly wife are seated, with their stripling son leaning on the pedestal near them,—a most characteristic figure, in single-breasted blue coat with brass buttons, flapped waistcoat, buckskins, and top boots, but still wearing the youthful turn-over frilled collar. Just such a dress we may conceive Tommy Merton wore, while he was being case-hardened by sententious Mr. Barlow, through the agency of that model of the hardy virtues, Harry Sandford. This picture, too, has suffered; but time has spared the face and figure of Mrs. Braddyl, and see how powerfully and simply she is painted, and how perfectly unaffected and natural her attitude is. People don't often sit to be painted so now-a-days. The picture comes, we believe, from Devonshire. Perhaps it was painted on one of Sir Joshua's visits to his native Plympton, where in his boyhood that easy-tempered divine and master of the Grammar School, the Rev. S. Reynolds found, to his great regret, that his boy Joshua *would* always spoil his copy-books by drawing heads in them, "out of pure idleness," as the simple schoolmaster has recorded with his own hand, under one of these specimens of peccant portraiture still extant. Not out of "pure idleness," oh! simple country schoolmaster, but out of the promptings of that great inspiration of God, which was even then stirring in the boy's brain and fingers. They have whitewashed out the heads he painted on the rectory walls when a lad, "because they disfigured the room."

So Sir Joshua paints Mrs. Hartley, the actress. He puts a mask in her hand, and calls her comedy. Foote comes to him for a portrait, and he takes him carelessly leaning over the back of a chair, with some good joke or pungent sarcasm, just taking form and beginning to light up the broad blunt face. Was ever portrait more perfectly maternal than that of "Georgiana Countess Althorpe and her Daughter" (73)? The child, especially, in this picture is wonderful, one of the painter's masterpieces. It is characteristic of the sweetness of his nature that he loved children, and used to like to have them running about his studio, and mimicking attitudes out of the pictures and prints about the place. How he could paint them let this child in Lady Althorpe's picture witness, and that charming study of the same sweet cherub head in various attitudes, in the National Gallery, for which there is a beautiful "Sketch" in this gallery (46), the "Robinetta" (154), the "Strawberry Girl," (18), Hertford Collection,) and the "Puck" (75). And yet Sir Joshua was accused of borrowing attitudes from his predecessors, and of repeating his own. He used to keep prints of his own works by him, that sitters might choose their postures. With his six sitters a day, it was, of course, impossible for him to find a distinctive action, pose, or expression for everybody who sought the immortality of his pencil,—people of fashion, too, whose business and training it is to conceal character and suppress emotion. But whenever he was lucky enough to hit upon anything characteristic, he nailed it to a certainty. On one occasion, he has himself recorded, a nobleman, who was sitting to him, instead of looking as he wished, kept gazing at an old picture which hung near. "I snatched the moment," Reynolds says, "and drew him in profile with as much of that expression of a pleasing melancholy as my capacity enabled me to hit off. When the picture was finished he liked it, and particularly for that expression, though, I believe, without reflecting on the occasion of it."

It should never be forgotten that Sir Joshua lifted portrait painting out of the deep ruts and sloughs of conventionality. His manner was new: he had to fight for it, of course. When he returned from Rome in 1752 (he was then twenty-nine), Hudson, his master (see one of his portraits, 35), after long contemplation



of a boy's head in a turban, which his old pupil had just painted, exclaimed, with an oath, "You don't paint so well as when you left England." The fact was, he painted less like Hudson. Deviation from the practice of Kneller, who died three months after Reynolds was born, was flat heresy in those days. Ellis, a portrait painter, and pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller, remonstrated, as he shook his head over the heretical work of Reynolds,—“This will never answer; why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey.” When the young innovator defended his novel practice, “No,” exclaimed the indignant conventionalist, “Shakespeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting—damme!” and left the room in disgust. Reynolds himself thus describes the practice of painters in his time:—“They have got a set of postures, which they apply to all persons indiscriminately; the consequence of which is that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings; and if they have a history or a family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their common-place book, containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures, then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print, and one from another, but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves.” Reynolds, on the other hand, was always thinking for himself. When his sitter had anything to awaken thought in either mind or body, he never failed to appreciate character in a face, and to infuse it into his picture. For an example, take the head of Lavinia, Viscountess Althorpe (47). What a genial, humorous, pleasant face it is! We seem to have known and liked the original. Those roguish eyes speak to us as we pass by, and insist upon a smile of recognition. For winning charm—a quality in which no portraits we know excel those of Reynolds—this head is conspicuous. There is another example of the quality, though slighter, in the “Girl Sketching” (56), contributed by Miss Burdett Coutts. How sweet the turn of the neck and head, and how every line of the action is made subservient to the expression of the beautiful child's delight in her work!

In any notice of the English school it should not be forgotten that Reynolds was the principal founder of the Royal Academy. Till 1760, there had been no annual exhibition of the works of

British artists. The idea of such an exhibition roused the contemptuous spleen of Johnson. "The artists," he writes to Baretti, "have established a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise much in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he deserves, among other excellences, by retaining his kindness for Baretti. The exhibition has filled the head of the artists and lovers of art. Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return."

It may be doubted how far the Royal Academy Exhibition has benefitted the art of painting. It is obvious enough at least that it has had some very evil consequences, that it tends to beget in the artist a disposition to court the public taste rather than to follow his true bent, and that it engenders a pernicious practice of what is called "painting up" to meet the glare of the Exhibition walls. Still, it brings the artistic skill of the time to a focus, tends to draw artists and the public together, and no doubt, on the whole, to promote both the love of pictures and the sale of them. As things go, perhaps, it would be impossible to give it up without a loss more than equivalent to the gain to be derived to the art from the removal of its certain mischiefs. In 1765 the Society of Artists had been incorporated, but its basis was narrow, and its objects, as it seemed to many of its best members, incomplete. Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser, conspired to found a new society; and, in 1768, West induced Sir Joshua to join them, after two hours' persuasion. They drove to the place of meeting of the conspirators, when the artists present with one voice hailed Sir Joshua president. He accepted the honour after consulting Burke and Johnson. The artists had originally communicated with the Dilettanti Club upon the project, and had submitted to them, at their request, an elaborate paper plan of an academy, with a provision that the president should always be chosen from the noble members of the Dilettanti Society. The Dilettanti acknowledged the paper, promised con-

sideration—and there the matter dropped. It is lucky the connection was thus early dissolved between the club and the artists. Better, a thousand times, a president of their own body. Johnson was the first professor of ancient literature, and Goldsmith of ancient history in the nascent academy; places now filled by Hallam and Macaulay, and which have always been accepted as honourable,—pure sinecures though they be,—by the most eminent scholars of the day. It would be well, probably, that such offices should be something more than sinecures. Academy students would be none the worse for a little more teaching. The want of liberal education among the artist class is unfavourable to them in many ways. Socially a successful artist finds every door open to him, but, intellectually, there is no man whose want of education must make itself more strongly felt, at each step he rises in the practice of his art. It was in 1773 that Sir Joshua received the compliment,—commemorated by the doctor's robe in the portrait here (54),—of an honorary degree from Oxford. Dr. Beattie was made LL.D. at the same time. When Sir Joshua,—president of the Royal Academy, and member of the Royal, the Antiquarian, and the Dilettanti Societies,—took his seat among the doctors, there was great applause. The portrait here exhibited is the duplicate of one he painted for the Academy at Florence, of which he was made a member soon after receiving his Oxford honours, every member of that Academy being bound to contribute a portrait of himself to its collection. In this way has been collected that most interesting gallery of artists' portraits in the Uffizi, which all visitors to Florence know so well.

Sir Joshua, besides being attacked for plagiarism in his attitudes, was seriously blamed even in his life time, for the use of fugitive colours. It was pointed out that the employment of pigments liable to decay amounted to an imposition, as sitters paid for their portraits prices calculated on the theory of their indefinite duration, not of their evanescence in the course of a few years. Sir Joshua defended himself by insisting that his uncertainty of proceeding arose from a refined taste, which would not acquiesce in anything short of a high degree of excellence, and from an inordinate desire to possess every kind of excellence



that he saw in the works of others, "without considering," he admits, "that there is in colouring, as in style, excellences which are incompatible with each other." In fact, his only good excuse was in his ignorance. But, bad as his own practice was, he had a secret sense of its mischievousness. Observing one of his pupils experimentalising in media, "that boy," he said, "will never do good with his gallipots of varnish and foolish mixtures." It is only when we see a work of Sir Joshua's in really fine preservation, that we know what his dabbling in 'foolish mixtures' has cost the public, and still more, the possessors of his works. The portrait of "Sir William Chambers" (53) is an example of a Sir Joshua in a perfect state. It was painted for the Royal Academy in 1780, the year in which that institution moved itself and its exhibition from its original quarters in St. Martin's Lane—the Newman-street or Berners-street of the last century, a very warren of artists—to Somerset House, where the King had given quarters to the new Society. The very inferior head of Gibbon, now in the historical portrait Gallery of our Exhibition, was painted and exhibited in the same year. The Exhibition owes this portrait of Chambers, with many other of the most interesting ornaments of this the first portion of the British Gallery, to the Academy whose origin we have been referring to. They have kindly placed at the service of the Committee their collection of diploma pictures—that is, pictures painted by academicians on admission to the body—and of works presented to the academy by members. But for this, the collection of works illustrative of the first half century of English art would have had to be collected with infinite trouble and pains from the houses of the scattered possessors of fine works. For it is one consequence of the exclusive patronage of ancient art by the nobility of the last century that their galleries to which the committee were able to resort as sources of supply for old pictures, are almost entirely without pictures contemporary with their collectors, the works of Reynolds and other portrait painters excepted.

Looking at this part of the collection as a whole, it is evident that we have no great reason to boast the performances of early Academicians. Reynolds and Gainsborough alone lift up our school high above mediocrity. Historical art is here represented

by West and Copley. Of West we have the "General Wolfe" (115), the "Sea Fight of La Hogue" (109), and the "Battle of the Boyne" (116), the first contributed by the Queen, the two others by the Marquis of Westminster, and all three so familiar to all of us as prints. Two—the Wolfe and La Hogue—especially the former, are fine compositions; but, judging with reference to the technical qualities of a picture, they are all alike detestable, hard, and "tea-boardy," painted, apparently, without the least pleasure in the actual work of setting the subjects upon canvas. Every touch of a true painter's brush shows that he loves his work. Yet there is no reason for supposing that West did not love his work; on the contrary, his life shows that he did love it, honestly and heartily. He manifested his vocation for art by practising it, without either teaching or any other advantage, from his earliest years; but in him the faculty of painting was killed by the doctrine of his day. He must paint classically,—like Nicholas Poussin. To this miserable nightmare theory we owe such lifeless stony representations as we have mentioned, and worse still, his "Regulus" (113). Copley was a much finer painter than West. His "Death of Major Pierson" (112), who was shot in gallantly repelling a sudden invasion of Jersey by the French, in 1781, is excellent in execution, and all the other technical qualities of a picture, as well as fine in grouping and dramatic in action.

But we have no business to discuss West and Copley, while Hogarth remains unnoticed. Though the committee have been disappointed of the two pictures from "The Harlot's Progress," by a contributor's unfortunate change of mind at the last moment, our exhibition can still boast a most interesting collection of Hogarth's works.

Of this most characteristic painter of English life, the Exhibition presents us with examples in all the branches of art in which Hogarth, the sturdy assertor of "modernism" in opposition to classicality, believed himself able to cope with the great masters of the Italian and Flemish schools. We see him here in portraiture, in imaginative composition of the heroic order, in town-landscape, and in those scenes from contemporary life in which the world has recognised his claim to the very highest rank among painters.

Hogarth's life from the moment of his entering upon the artist's career—marked by the production of his satirical print, *The Taste of the Town*, in 1724—was a warfare against what he believed to be the affected preference of past to contemporary art. In portraiture, he daringly measured himself against Vandyck; in the ideal, he firmly believed he could rival Correggio; in delineations of town life and manners, he would have scorned to own himself below the level of the Dutch and Flemish masters. Time has settled the questions he debated so fiercely, and, if it have not ratified Hogarth's own estimate of himself in portraiture and ideal composition, it has planted more and more firmly his crown as king of the painting of manners.

But though we may not consider Hogarth the equal of Vandyck, there is a great deal in his portraits which entitles him to a very high rank among portrait painters. His *Captain Coram* (30) was the portrait which he declares himself that he painted with most pleasure, and most wished to excel in. He revered the gallant old sea captain, the projector and principal founder of the Foundling Hospital, who reduced himself, by his unstinted benevolence, to poverty in his old age. When presented with an annuity of a hundred pounds, subscribed for by his friends, he accepted it simply with these noble words, "I did not waste the wealth which I possessed in self-indulgence or vain expense, and I am not ashamed to own in my old age that I am poor." In this portrait Hogarth has set on the kindly, homely, cheerful face—reddened and roughened by the salt sea spray and many a long day's scorching of tropical suns—the unmistakeable stamp of benevolence. The picture is painted with a manly and vigorous breadth, and holds its place well, even here, in such close comparison with Vandyck, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. We have, besides, no less than three portraits of the painter's wife, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, whom he married, without consent of her parents, in 1730. The first represents her as she may have been soon after their marriage: the second in matronly middle life (16); and the third is the idealised version of her face in the *Sigismunda*, holding the urn with her husband's heart. The physiognomy in the two literal versions is in accordance with what we gather of Mrs. Hogarth's character from her life. Both indicate the sensible,



kindly, and estimable nature which she showed by her conduct through her married life, and after her husband's death, by the temper and dignity with which she resented the impertinence of Walpole and the abuse of Nichols.

The "Sigismunda" has a peculiar interest in connection with the painter's history. When Sir Luke Schaub's pictures were sold, in 1758, a "Sigismunda" ascribed to Correggio, but now attributed to Furini, a much inferior painter—the visitor to our Exhibition will find the very picture in the gallery of the old masters (348)—was bought by Sir Thomas Sebright for 400*l*. Hogarth, who had received only 160*l*. for his series of six pictures of "Marriage à la Mode," and but 427*l*. 7*s*. for nineteen of his works (including the six of the "Harlot's Progress," the eight of the "Rake's Progress," the "Four Times of the Day," and the "Strolling Actresses,") was indignant at the price paid for a second-rate ancient work. He painted his "Sigismunda" in 1759, at the request of Sir Richard Grosvenor, as Walpole declares, in competition with the Italian work. Hogarth, in his own memorandum on this picture, never refers to such an intention. He certainly asked the same price for it as Furini's picture had fetched at the sale, but at the same time he gave Sir Richard the option of refusing the picture, of which Sir Richard at once availed himself, in this somewhat impertinent fashion:—"I understand you have a commission from Mr. Hoare for a picture. If he have taken a fancy to the 'Sigismunda,' I have no sort of objection to your letting him have it; for I really think the performance so striking and inimitable that the constantly having it before one's eyes would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind, which a curtain's being drawn before it would not diminish the least." The painter only avenged himself by this paraphrase of Sir Richard's reasons for declining his performance:

"Nay, 'tis so moving that the knight  
Can't even bear it in his sight;  
Then, who would tears so dearly buy,  
As give four hundred pounds to cry?  
I own he chose the prudent part,  
Rather to break his word than heart;  
And yet, methinks, 'tis ticklish dealing  
With one so delicate in feeling."

The picture remained on his hands till his death. He charged his wife not to dispose of it for less than 500*l*. Poor as her circumstances were she observed his injunction. At her death, it was bought by Boydell. \*

Here, also, are two versions of his "Beggar's Opera," interesting, as painted the year he was married, and about a year after the great run of the opera. One of these pictures was probably painted for Rich himself, the manager of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Gay's masterpiece was produced; by its success, as was wittily said at the time, "making Gay rich, and Rich gay." The other was painted for Sir Archibald Grant. It is interesting as containing the portrait of Walker, the original Macheath, of Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, as Polly, and as showing the way in which the side-boxes intruded upon the stage in the days of our great-grandfathers.

Here, too, is the portrait of "Garriek," as Richard, for which the painter received £200,—more than was ever paid before, Hogarth himself remarks, to any English artist for a portrait. Here, again, we see great force in the painting of the head, and truth in the expression of bewildered horror with which the guilty king starts from his terrible dream. But neither in this, the *Sigismunda*, nor in any of his larger single figures, is there anything that deserves to be called masterly or wonderful. Yet there is an absence of all pretence or effort, with freedom and facility in the use of materials. It is, eminently, manly painting.

But the real power of Hogarth is to be looked for in that walk of his art of which we have here two eminent examples in the "March of the Guards to Finchley" (26), and the "Southwark Fair" (31). It would be idle to dwell descriptively on these works, familiar as the prints from them must be to most of our readers. The former, though it represents the march of the guards from London, to arrest the southward progress of the Pretender in 1746, was not painted till four years after the incident occurred. Hence the absurdity of Wilkes's attack on the picture, as intended to make the guards and the cause they were marching to defend ridiculous to their countrymen and to all Europe. This attack was due to Hogarth's having assailed Wilkes's political friends, Pitt and Temple, in his print of the Times during

the popular frenzy against Lord Bute. Wilkes's objection was not new. It is said that George the Second took the same view of the print as Wilkes. It was originally inscribed to the King, and a copy sent to the palace for royal examination and approval. Ireland, who records the anecdote, describes the monarch as turning to a nobleman in waiting with the question, "Who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "Bainter! I hate bainting, and boetry too! Neither the one nor the other ever did any good. Does the vellow mean to laugh at my guards?" "The picture, please your majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What! a bainter burlesque a soldier! He deserves to be bicketted for his insolence. Take his trumpery out of my sight."

Whatever we may think of the story, the picture was certainly *not* dedicated to King George, but to Frederick the Great. This dedication to a foreign monarch Wilkes attacked in the *North Briton* as unpatriotic, declaring that in old Rome or in any of the Grecian states the painter would have been punished as a profligate citizen, totally devoid of all principle. "In England," he added, "he is rewarded and made sergeant-painter to that very King's grandson." Hogarth avenged himself by his immortal portrait of Wilkes, with that demoniacal grin and squint, holding a pole with the cap of liberty, inscribed "North Briton," and the portrait of Churchill as a bear, with a pot of porter in his paw.

In truth Hogarth was about the most determined anti-Jacobite of his time. He hated the French and the Jesuits, and only associated the one with frogs and wooden shoes, and the other with the axe, the rack, and the Inquisition. He has painted here merely his conception of the march of a rear guard, the stragglers, pilferers, and blackguards who form the fringe of every military force. The real strength of the guard may be seen in orderly march in the distance. But with what marvellous power Hogarth has descended into this drinking, jostling, plundering, reeling, groveling array! How he has set the mark of the time upon his work, in the two Jacobite agents who are eagerly interchanging treasonable news, and in the puzzled grenadier who marches between his rival trulls, the one Protestant, the other Papist, symbolising the doubtful loyalty even of the army at that critical moment in



English history! The picture, like all Hogarth's works of the same class, is a painted book—to be read every square inch of it—inexhaustible in character, humour, and truth to low life. Nor is the touch of beauty wanting, in the figure of the woman with an infant, mounted with those old hags upon the baggage-waggon. The technical merits of the picture are worthy of its wealth of invention. In composition, crowded as it is, it is most artful; in execution, simple but eminently skilful. It shows what a master of the figure Hogarth had made himself, entirely by the study of the men and women round about him; for he learnt to draw in no academy, though he did for a short time attend Sir James Thornhill's drawing-school in St. Martin's Lane. There has never been so self-formed and self-taught a painter as Hogarth, who has shown equal mastery in the technical qualities of his art—such power of composition, such draughtsmanship, such skill in the use of his materials. The "March to Finchley," on the publication of the print, was sold by lottery—the painter's usual fashion of disposing of his works. The price of the print was 7s. 6d., and every purchaser had a chance for the picture. Eighteen hundred and forty-three chances were subscribed for, and a hundred and sixty-seven which remained unsold were presented by the painter to the Foundling Hospital. One of them was the prize number, and the picture is still one of the most valued possessions of the charity.

The "Southwark Fair" is an early work, but the year of its production is uncertain. Its technical merits are inferior to those of the "March to Finchley." It is so black, either owing to the darkening of the oil medium, or to dirt, that much of the picture is invisible. But there is no happier episode, even in Hogarth, than that of the handsome actress beating a drum in the foreground, on whom two rustics are gazing in reverent ecstasy, as on some being from a higher world. It is full, too, of the master's sly touches of satire—as in the tragedy hero, in the helmet and plumes of some classic monarch, arrested by the rough bailiff; and in the ludicrously literal realisation of the promised performance of the Fall of Bajazet, in the right hand corner, where the platform giving way precipitates Bajazet, Roxalana, and Tamerlane in ignominious and indiscriminate ruin, from which

only a monkey escapes by clinging to one of the scaffold-poles. Near the Hogarths hangs (27) a small careless sketch, with the name of Hayman. This man, now forgotten, was one of Hogarth's favourite boon-companions, and his comrade in that memorable trip to France, which was abruptly cut short by Hogarth's arrest, while sketching the gate of Calais. This sketch represents one of those merry parties, perhaps in Hogarth's own snug box at Chiswick, or on one of those excursions down the river to Sheppey, or in the pleasant country about London, which were Hogarth's chief enjoyment,—when he mixed freely with all classes, got glimpses of odd life and character, and saw manners in the rough—with the burr on, as he might have himself expressed it, in engraver's phrase. You may recognise Hogarth himself in the figure with the cap on, in the centre of the table. Another figure may perhaps be Cheere, the sculptor, who was also of the party on that French trip; and another, possibly, Pine, the painter, christened in these convivial parties Father Pine, because he sat for the fat friar admiring the sirloin in the print of Calais Gate.

If Hogarth spent his life in a vain combat with the affected taste of his time, and its studied depreciation of contemporary painting, he had, at least, his engravings to fall back upon as a source of popularity and profit. Wilson had no such resource. It is sad to think, as we examine these broad and sun-steeped landscapes, marked by many of the beauties if not free from some of the defects of Claude, that some of them were painted literally for bread and cheese. The Ceyx and Alcyone, one of the painter's finest works, is said to have been actually paid for by a pot of beer and the remains of a ripe Stilton. This may be exaggeration, but we know that the painter of these pictures was only kept from starvation by the advances of the pawnbrokers upon his unsold works. Even they at length became afraid to risk their money on such unavailable security. "Look you, Dick," said one of them to whom Wilson had applied for a loan on a picture as usual, showing him a pile of his own landscapes in the garret over his shop, "you know I wish to oblige; but see, there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years!" And yet Richard Wilson was an Academician; and Barrett, and Smith of

Chichester, painters of landscapes now unvalued, were making their thousands. But Wilson's manner was new to the town. It seems strange that, with his obvious occasional resemblance to Claude and Poussin, his pictures did not find purchasers, in that age of pseudo-classicality. But he was proud, and embittered by disappointment, and is said to have been coarse and unrefined in his manners. Zuccharelli was the landscape god of that day. Wilson scorned to ape his flimsy style of colour, and his hackneyed tricks of composition. Wilson's brother Academicians once thought it their duty to send Penny, one of their body, to remonstrate with the obstinate landscape painter, and urge an imitation of the fashionable Italian master. Penny had such a reception from the savage neglected man,—was overwhelmed with such a torrent of invective and contemptuous scorn,—that he slunk off in confusion, and never, we may easily believe, renewed his attempt. The trifling salary which Wilson received as librarian to the Royal Academy alone kept him from starvation. He made sketches for half a crown a piece; and was grateful when Paul Sandby gave him a small advance on this price for a number. You may see what Paul Sandby was, by his works in the water colour gallery of this Exhibition. What Wilson was, whom Paul Sandby thus munificently patronised, these landscapes show. At last, about 1781, when the poor painter was reduced to a single room in Tottenham Court Road, with nothing but his easel and brushes, a bed, with a scanty covering, a table, and a chair, the death of his brother made him master of a small estate near Llanberis; but the good fortune came too late. The sting and fret of disappointment had worn through the springs of life. He worked little, but walked much, and loved to sit for hours looking on the grand and beautiful scenes about his new abode. The peasantry of the neighbourhood still show his favourite haunts,—the stones where he loved to sit, the trees he delighted to study. In one of these favourite spots death struck him down. His dog ran home and brought aid to his master. He was carried home, and died soon after, in May, 1782. Of his landscapes in this Exhibition the noblest are the Niobe (32), as an example of the painter's Poussinesque style, and the View on the Arno (39), as a proof of what he could



do in rivalry of Claude. There is much that is conventional in both, but they are painted with a masterly breadth, and in the one reigns a fine feeling of stormy grandeur, in the other of serene brilliance. The two smaller landscapes, on either side the large river view, are also good examples of Wilson's style. He has been called the English Claude. It is owing to that unfortunate tendency to imitation of the old masters, which weighed like an incubus upon the last century, that he has not earned a name independent of any Italian predecessor. He felt nature deeply, but with all his love of her was unable altogether to divest himself of his classical spectacles. It would have been interesting to have hung in this gallery an example of Wilson's portraiture, for it is not generally known that, till six and thirty, Wilson was a portrait painter. The only portrait by him which we have seen is a cabinet full length of Tom King, the original Charles Surface, now in the gallery of the Garrick Club. We are not aware whether any attempt was made to procure the picture or whether the conditions under which the collection was bequeathed to the club, forbid their removing the picture from their walls. This portrait is particularly well drawn and painted, and shows a power, in this branch of art, by which Wilson might doubtless have won fame and fortune: he preferred to paint landscapes, and starve.

The "Pandora or Heathen Eve" of Barry (158) is interesting among the painter's works for more reasons than one.

The facts recorded in the catalogue of its having fetched 230*l.*, at the painter's sale, in 1807, and having been afterwards sold at Christie's for eleven guineas and a half,—to which we may add, its having subsequently become the property of the Manchester Royal Institution for 60*l.*, are significant.

When the dimensions of the picture, and the invention and skill shown in it, are considered, it is clear that, measuring by money-returns, the painter had here made a miserably bad investment of his labour. The picture was not valued by the public for which it was painted. Posterity has not repaired the indifference of the painter's contemporaries. In this respect the Pandora resembles all Barry's works. They were—in one word—mistakes. From 1770 to 1807, Barry toiled to force classical subjects,

or classical treatment of all subjects, upon the country. His self-directed efforts in Cork had already showed the bent of his genius to be to form rather than colour. His five years' residence in Italy had resulted in a passionate preference for the antique in art. He seems to have been, all along, in his heart, rather a sculptor than a painter, so intense is his appreciation of the perfection of Greek form, so slight his relish for the pictorial qualities of colour, composition, and light and shade. Like all one-sided men, he was vehement, and his five years in Italy were spent in a succession of bitter contests with artists and connoisseurs on the relative merits of pure form and what he considered meretricious allurements of colour and *chiaroscuro*. In vain, Burke, to whose generous friendship he owed the means of support during his residence abroad, warned him in words of sound wisdom, of the mischief of controversy, pointing out "that the arms with which the ill-dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations; in snarling and scuffling with everyone about us." This advice was lost on Barry as similar advice from Sir George Beaumont was lost on Haydon years after; as such advice always is lost on such combative spirits. Barry came from Italy to London—making a well-directed, but unwisely-managed, attempt on his way to save Leonardo's great work of the "Last Supper" from that repainting which consummated its ruin—and began in 1773 the hopeless labour of inoculating British patrons, and such a limited public as then existed for pictures, with enthusiasm for the deities of Olympus. He once descended from that cold and classic height to paint the "Death of Wolfe." But our readers will scarcely believe that he was so faithful to his principles of pure form as actually to represent the combatants, and the dying hero on the field of Quebec, in the garb of the Homeric chiefs at the siege of Troy,

or, if anything, with even less clothing and accoutrements. It may, however, be well to remember that Reynolds was decidedly of opinion, till he saw West's picture on the same subject (numbered 115 in this room) that West was wrong for not doing the same thing. That was the theory of the time. They nicknamed West a "coat and waistcoat painter" for his picture. But Reynolds had sense enough to become aware of his error, and magnanimity enough to confess it. When West's picture was exhibited (Cunningham tells us), he sat before it, in close examination, for half an hour, and then said to Drummond, "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated: I retract my observations. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." Barry, less amenable to reason than Reynolds, unluckily, could not be brought to see that he was wrong—that the public and the patrons would never relish the mythology of the Pantheon, and that nothing he could do—either in the way of painting, or self-sacrifice—would infuse into them his own sympathy with Jupiter and Juno, Mercury inventing the lyre, or Chiron educating Achilles. Between 1770 and 1780, a project was set on foot for the decoration of St. Paul's with religious pictures, the selection and execution of which the dean and chapter had agreed to leave to the Academy, when the bishop sternly interposed, declaring he would have no popish pictures in his cathedral. Barry had chosen for his contribution to the work the subject of the Jews rejecting Christ, when Pilate proposes his release. But he never executed the picture. Baffled in his hopes for the development of grand art through the Protestant Church, he turned to the Society of Arts, and applied for permission to adorn the great room of their house in the Adelphi with a series of colossal wall paintings. All the society were to defray was the cost of models. When he made this offer he had 16s. in his pocket. He took as his subject the Progress of Human Improvement, and, between 1777 and 1783, painted in six compartments the Story of Orpheus, typifying the influence of art; the Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus, symbolising the effects of agriculture; the Victors in the Olympian Games, showing the value of manly exercises; the Triumph of the



Thames, illustrating the civilising power of navigation and commerce; the Distribution of Premiums by the Society of Arts, as setting forth the reward of genius in this life, and Elysium as displaying its recompense in the world to come. How he lived while painting these pictures it is hard to say. It is certain that the gripe of the hardest poverty was on him all the time. The exhibition of the pictures brought him 500*l.*; his engravings from them, which he etched himself, and published in 1792, realised 200*l.* more. He used to work the prints off himself. In 1782 he had been elected professor of painting at the Academy, with a salary of 30*l.* a year. The members respected his talents and his devotion to his own principles of art, though he was always in personal conflict with them, and did not scruple, when his house was robbed, to attribute, in a handbill, the robbery to the Academicians.

After the completion of the Adelphi pictures, he determined to begin another series, illustrating the Progress of Theology. Of this series, the Pandora, now before us (158), was the first. It hung in his painting-room, in Castle-street, Oxford-street, on the day he gave Burke that dinner, the story of which Allan Cunningham has told so pleasantly in his life of the painter. Burke had invited himself to dine with Barry, curious to see how he managed his household matters.

"Sir," said Barry, "you know I live alone; but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I will have it tender and hot, and from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford." "The day and the hour came," says Cunningham, "and Burke, arriving at No. 36, Castle-street, found Barry ready to receive him. He was inducted into the painting-room, which had undergone no change since it was a carpenter's shop. On one of the walls hung his large picture of Pandora, and round it were placed the studies for the six pictures of the Adelphi. There were likewise old straining frames, old sketches, a printing press, in which he printed his plates with his own hand; the labours, too, of the spider abounded, and rivalled in extent and colour pieces of old tapestry.

"Burke saw all this—yet wisely seemed to see it not. He observed, too, that most of the windows were broken or cracked;

that the roof, which had no ceiling, admitted the light through many crevices in the tiling, and that two old chairs and a deal table composed the whole of the furniture. The fire was burning brightly; the steaks were put on to broil, and Barry having spread a clean cloth on the table, put a pair of tongs in the hands of Burke, saying, 'Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter.' Burke did as he was desired; the painter soon returned with the porter in his hand, exclaiming, 'What a misfortune! The wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed Tichfield-street.' They sat down together—the steak was tender and done to a turn—the artist was full of anecdote, and Burke often declared that he never spent a happier evening in his life." Southey, too, visited the painter, while engaged on this picture of Pandora, and gave Mr. Cunningham the following squalid picture of him and his belongings:—"He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow: all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket, nailed on the one side. I wanted him to visit me—no, he said; he could not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening the Academicians would waylay him and murder him.

"In this solitary sullen life he continued till he fell ill, very probably from want of food sufficiently nourishing, and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down, with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlyle (Sir Antony), in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger he had thus escaped seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards, appeared decently dressed, in his own grey hair, and mixed in such society as he liked."

His yearly income during the time he was living in this abject wretchedness is calculated by Mr. Cunningham at about 80*l*. He saved, even out of this; for when his house was robbed, the

thieves got 400*l*. He attacked the Academy so fiercely, and with such grave charges of intrigue and dishonesty, in his letter to the Dilettanti Society, in 1797, that his brethren deprived him of his professorship and expelled him from their body. He died in 1806, at the age of 65, and his body lay in state in those very rooms of the Society of Arts which his pencil had adorned.

Altogether, there was much in his history that reminds one of Haydon, with this important difference, that Barry *made* the sacrifices which Haydon talked about. The former really denied himself all those comforts which the latter insisted on having, but would not stoop to earn and pay for. Barry was never in debt or difficulty, but lived in poverty and squalor. Haydon lived comfortably, but put in periodical appearances in the insolvent court. The works of the two men may be compared in this Exhibition. They will both be found to exhibit evidences of high power; but in both may be remarked an utter absence of all that subtle quality which gives charm, whether in form, colour, or composition, and of which it is so hard to define the essence, or detect the modes of manifestation. In colour and chiaroscuro, Barry was utterly deficient; nor was his power either perfect enough in those of his creations meant to be beautiful, or grand enough in those purporting to be sublime, to make up for leathery texture, coppery colour, and ineffective distribution of light and shade.

Had Barry possessed the technical qualities of the painter in a higher degree, he could never have gone so far astray in his estimate of his art,—not so much with relation to its aims and influences, as with regard to the mode in which those aims and influences may best be attained: The way to the British heart lies neither through classicality nor through mediævalism. The core of that heart can be reached only by truthful representations of outward nature, and by honest appeals to noble and patriotic sentiments or the domestic affections.

Opie, Fuseli, Morland, Romney, Northcote, Thompson, Nasmyth, and Louthembourg, remain to be noticed, among our painters of last century.

Opie burst upon the town in 1781, as a marvellous self-taught boy of twenty, the son of a Cornish village carpenter. He began



by painting portraits, and such was the rush of sitters during the first flush of his popularity, that, to use his own expression, "he thought he must plant cannon at his door." But, so soon as he ceased to be a nine-days' wonder, the neglect and apathy of fashion, in his case, were as unmerited as its homage had been exaggerated. Opie was an honest, rough, vigorous painter. His conceptions are like his style of painting, not refined, but unaffected and strong. The examples of him hung here are "Age and Infancy," (124), and "The Schoolmistress," (133). There is genuine pathos in the agony of the old man, who finds that the heart of his child has ceased to beat—genuine sweetness, too, in the dead boy. Better this crude fashion of using colour, this coarseness of impasto, this disregard of the delicate gradations of half-tone, than the namby-pamby handling of such works as Owen's "Cottage Door" (123), or than such sentimentalism in conception and conventionality in painting as are shown in Northcote's "La Fayette at Olmütz" (117).

We could have wished Opie more adequately represented in our gallery, either by some of his manly male heads or by one of his large historical pictures, such as his "Rizzio," or his "Hubert and Arthur." Opie came very near being a great colourist, though a certain coarseness and heaviness of hand, which he never shook off, prevented him from rising to the first rank in this respect. But take him as he is—in his early struggles, under the sore temptation of sudden success and the chill of neglect as sudden, in his laborious and respectable life, in his domestic relationships, his deep love of his mother and his tender affection for his second wife, for the first was unworthy of him—there are few painters of our school who deserve to be regarded by their countrymen with greater respect than John Opie.

Fuseli—that strange compound of vanity and nobleness, of profound scholarship and fantastic whim, of fiery imagination and subtle sensuality—is represented here by a work he himself valued highly, "Thor Battering the Serpent of Midgard, in the Boat of Ymir," from the Edda of Sœmund (104), and by "Hotspur and Glendower," from Shakspeare's Henry V. (102), less characteristic, though marked too conspicuously by some of his faults of drawing to be mistaken for the work of any other.

There is another picture, without name or number, hung near the top of the room, which, as far as we can make it out, seems to bear the impress of Fuseli's genius more than either of the two canvasses ascribed to him in the catalogue. It represents a girl shut up in a dungeon with a skeleton, while a man looks through an iron grating at her sufferings. It suggests just such a ghastly story of unhallowed love and fiendish vengeance as the weird little lion-headed Switzer loved to conceive and embody.\* His genius lay essentially in the domain of the horrible. He was a Hoffman striving in vain to be a Michael Angelo. So long as his subject allows the predominance of the horrible, or moves in a dim region of unreality, peopled by undefined forms of ghastliness, Fuseli is almost great. His "Nightmare," his "Lazar-House," his "Death and Sin," show this phase of his power; and it is to be regretted that none of these works are exhibited here, where it was so important that each painter should be represented by characteristic examples.

Fuseli, as Piranesi said of him, "did not design but build men." He worked without the model, declaring that nature put him out. He was a well-read and enthusiastic scholar—a vivid and fascinating writer upon art. But his performances with the pen bear out the conclusion one comes to from his achievements with the pencil. Taste, and the measure it applies to the wildest subjects and most excited moods, is wanting. There is exaggeration and overstraining in his approval and in his dispraise, just as there is in his groups and single figures. He would have done well to have acted up to the maxim which his friend Lavater impressed upon him, when they parted at Zurich—"Do but the tenth part of what you can."

How little he controlled himself by any such rule his life shows. He was more than fifty when, in 1790, he began his Milton gallery, and he painted the forty-seven pictures, which compose it, before the end of 1800. As professor of painting, and afterwards keeper at the Academy, by his lectures and his precepts he kept alive a fire of enthusiasm for greatness in art among the students, which has not been without fruits, though scarcely of the kind that Fuseli looked for.

\* We do not find this picture numbered in the Second Edition of the Catalogue.

Fuseli, like Reynolds, Opie, Northcote and all the other most distinguished painters of that day, took part in that magnificent undertaking, Boydell's Shakspeare; and this picture of "Hotspur and Glendower" was, no doubt, painted for that work. Reynolds's "Puck" is another contribution to the same publication included in this collection.

It has been truly said by Allan Cunningham that the annals of genius record not a more deplorable story than George Morland's. Those who examine his works here exhibited (127, 128, 129, 132, 136, 139, 140, 142, 143, 145 *a*), and are puzzled to reconcile their singular facility, their unmistakeable indications of rare power both of drawing, arrangement, and light and shade, with their slightness and slovenliness, will find a sad explanation in the history of the painter's life. These pictures are specimens neither much better nor worse than the average, of 4000 works, which the hand of George Morland dashed off during a short and mis-spent life, closed at 40, by paralysis in a sponging house. His powers were forced into premature effort in childhood. Before he was six years old his sketches brought money, and a profligate and selfish father—himself a broken-down painter and picture dealer—overtasked the boy's mind and body in producing drawings from prints and casts and original compositions from popular songs, the price of which went into the father's pocket. To reconcile the boy, in some degree, to this slavery, he was pampered with stimulating food and wine, and thus were sown, in his childhood, the seeds of those habits which ultimately proved his ruin.

Without education, with his principles undeveloped and his evil propensities unnaturally stimulated, he broke away from the slavery of his father's house at seventeen, with a power of making money more than sufficient for his wants and a taste for the sort of company in which his earnings were sure to go madly and merrily. His pictures were painted to defray tavern-scores for himself and his pot companions. The dealer was always at his elbow to advance money for immediate necessities, on works which were thus secured at prices far below their market value. Wine, women, horses, the bottle, the fancy, the betting ring, had all their charms for the vain and reckless painter, and his extraordinary facility enabled him to make head for a while against



all of these drains at once. The truth to nature of his slight and sketchy pictures secured for them, and the engravings from them, a ready and constant sale. He never wanted a customer, but the price he received depended not on the value of the work, but on the urgency of the painter's need. On one occasion, he painted, for the price of a breakfast, a black bull, as the sign of a tavern near Canterbury, at which he had arrived hungry and penniless, on one of his aimless wanderings. Allan Cunningham extracts a sketch of one of Morland's interiors from Fuseli's edition of Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters." "He was found at another time in a lodging in Somers Town, in the following most extraordinary circumstances;—His infant child, that had been dead nearly three weeks, lay in its coffin; in one corner of the room an ass and foal stood munching barley straw out of the cradle—a sow and pigs were solacing themselves in the recesses of an old cupboard, and the artist himself whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at his easel, with a bottle of gin hung up on one side, and a live mouse sitting for his portrait on the other."

It is comforting to know that the ghastliest feature of this picture, at least, is imaginary. Morland never had a child. The dead infant in the coffin is put in for effect.

So long as Morland's hand and brain served him,—and it was wonderful they stood out so long under the wear and tear of his mad life—he could at any time, by a few days' labour, extricate himself from temporary difficulty, and raise the wind for new excesses. But even *his* strength began at length to give way; and the last few years of his short life were probably as miserable as poverty, added to ill-health and remorse, could make them.

We all know his pictures—the straw-yard, the fold, the pigstye; the homestead with its wallowing porkers, the sheep in the byre, the old horse in the shed; the smugglers running their cargo by the seashore of Sussex or the Isle of Wight; the travellers watering their horses at a wayside trough; the gipsies sitting round their kettle on the skirts of the waste or under the ragged oak. They are all rather sketches than pictures; but, as sketches, they have a rare merit of truth and arrangement, a feeling for the nature they depict; and, in their rustic figures,

often a genuine and unaffected grace, not unsuitable to the class of persons represented. We have seen pictures of his little inferior, in parts at least, to Gainsborough; for Gainsborough's landscapes, too, are rather sketches than finished pictures. Perhaps the best example of Morland in this collection, though it is one of the most unpretending, is the "White Horse in a Shed" (140), contributed by Mr. Bonamy Dobree.

It is to the credit of our English school that this life of Morland's stands alone for its grossness and low debauchery. Mortimer was fond of wine and low company, but he saw his folly before it was too late, and with the help of his excellent wife, stayed his steps on the brink of destruction. The parallel to Morland's mad and miserable career must be sought among the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, whose biographies will be found to furnish many examples of similar excess, followed by a like fate.

To pass from Morland to Romney is like stepping from the stable to the drawing-room. There is little in any picture of Romney's here exhibited to explain that popularity which made this artist, between 1775 and 1790, the successful rival of Reynolds, and the chosen painter of youth, beauty, and fashion. His "Serena" (100), the well-known picture suggested by "The Trials of Temper"—that very dull poem of his friend and biographer, Hayley—is the best illustration here of the breadth and gracefulness of his treatment. It must be allowed to be a happy embodiment of the idea of serene repose and sentimental abstraction from the world; very loveable, too, is Serena as a woman. Of Romney's popularity some idea may be formed from the fact that in 1785 he made 3,635*l.* by his pencil. He was very industrious, beginning early and working late—often sitting at his easel thirteen hours a day, and ever planning more and more vast works, when once he could get his hands free of portrait-painting. For his ideal female subjects his most potent inspirer was Emma Lyon, better known as Lady Hamilton, whose social rise, by sheer force of beauty, grace, and personal fascination, was so extraordinary. We may see her here, from Romney's hand, in an unfinished sketch, a vine-wreath on her loosened hair; and from the brush of Reynolds, glancing back, finger on lip, a very type of Syren-like seduction.

This "divine lady," as Romney called her, took full possession of the susceptible heart of the painter, and, for a time, reduced him to be the mere renderer of her face, form, and attitudes in all his ideal pictures. When Romney left Westmoreland as an adventurer in the rough ways of art, in 1762, he left a wife behind him, whom all we know of her leads us to believe an excellent and a loving woman. From 1762 till 1799, that wife never saw her brilliant and successful husband, except for two short visits, till in the latter year he came back, a sad and stricken man, to die in her arms. She, to the eternal honour of her sex be it told, welcomed him as warmly, and tended him as lovingly, as if he had been the most constant and faithful of husbands.

Romney was another of the artists employed on Boydell's Shakspeare. Lord Thurlow (whose representative contributes "Serena" to the collection) declared that such work was quite out of the painter's way; that he would make but a "balderdash business of it." He only painted two pictures for the alderman; one from "The Tempest," the other the "Infant Shakspeare attended by the Passions." We only know the latter work, and feel rather inclined to agree with Lord Thurlow.

Northcote, the pupil and biographer of Reynolds, is here represented in his two capacities of historical and portrait painter. These branches of art were very generally pursued together by the painters of the last century. The reason was, no doubt, that portrait painting was, at that time, the only form in which modern art could rely on finding patrons. What is called by the French *genre* painting, a name which we have adopted for want of an equivalent English term, and which includes all representation of life in its unheroic forms, did not exist among us in the last century. This class of art in our school may be said to date from Wilkie. In its absence, the only escape for the artist from portraiture, landscape or animal painting, was into the historical, heroic, or idealised style of figure-painting.

This of itself kept the painter who did not happen to be gifted with imagination from all healthy contact with life and contemporary realities. It drove into a region in which only those really possessed of imaginative vision and creative energy could work with power, men of the most literal and jejune intel-



lects, quite incapable of any inspiration from within. It was equally unsuited for those who, possessing some fancy and imagination, were yet gifted with these in a measure quite insufficient to lift them to the height of a great theme. Northcote was such a man. He does not seem ever to have had those early cravings after chalk and colours, which mark the childhood of most painters who attain distinction in after life. The son of a Devonport watchmaker, he had heard much of the fame and success of Reynolds, and once, when that great man visited Devonshire, Northcote pressed near enough to him at a public meeting, to touch the skirt of his coat "with great satisfaction to his mind." But this admiration was due at least as much to the reputation of Reynolds and its rewards, as to any reverence of him as a man of genius. Doctor Mudge, one of Reynolds's Devonport friends, procured Northcote's admission to Sir Joshua's studio as a pupil in 1771, and all Northcote knew he learnt in this school. He was the biographer of his master, and of a greater than his master, Titian. He was a shrewd, industrious, energetic man, with sufficient knowledge and relish of art to feel the greatness of Titian and Reynolds as painters, but without the reach of mind necessary to appreciate them as men of genius. He left Sir Joshua's studio in 1777, and visited Italy, as all painters did in those days who could by any possibility scrape together the means for the purpose. His avowed object in this Italian journey was "to steal whatever he could." It was a belief of the period, that painters were to be made by larceny of ideas and rules of practice from the great Italians.

Some Devonians have had the assurance to claim for Northcote the honour of having founded the school of historical painting in England. This is in the teeth of chronology. West and Barry, at least, were before him. The best historical picture Northcote has produced is his "Wat Tyler." The "Jael and Sisera" (122), and the "La Fayette" (117), by which visitors to our Exhibition who do not know his great work will judge him, are second-rate performances, in no way warranting detailed comment or long examination, either for merits of thought or painting. The "Wat Tyler" was painted for Boydell's Shakspeare—that work which was projected by the alderman whose name is associated

with it, in a noble spirit though a mistaken one. That Boydell expected to secure his own fame and fortune by the undertaking by which he hoped to regenerate the English school of historical painting, should be no drawback from his credit. The mistake was to have imagined that painting would be regenerated by setting it to the task of representing scenes from Shakspeare's plays, in total ignorance, apparently, of the fact that no imaginative creation can be twice born, once of the poet and again of the painter. Poor Alderman Boydell, instead of regenerating the fortunes of British art, wrecked his own.

Northcote and Opie were rivals both as historical and as portrait painters. In 1787, the former was made a member of the Academy. The "Jael and Sisera," we presume, is his diploma picture. In 1796 he attempted to rival Hogarth, by a series of ten pictures, setting forth, in the history of two servant girls, the contrasted fortunes of a modest maiden and a wanton. Of course modesty marries her master and wantonness dies of misery and disease. It was a female parallel to Hogarth's "Idle and Industrious Apprentice," with the same consolatory but questionable moral, viz. that virtue, besides being its own reward, is likely to win all the world can give besides. The series may have been suggested, perhaps, by Richardson's *Pamela*, where, as our readers are aware, the same comfortable doctrine is preached. Northcote had the assurance to place his own work above Hogarth's. His best performance in our gallery is his own portrait (215)—a keen, saturnine, somewhat livid head, but with an expression of that sarcastic and biting humour of which Northcote enjoys the reputation. He died in 1831. Hazlitt's "Conversations with Northcote" will do more probably to keep alive his memory than his own pictures.

Henry Thompson's large canvas of "Maritana" (121) will excite attention, as much from its subject as from its pictorial merits. It represents a Persian family who, while bivouacking in the desert, are alarmed by the approach of a lion. The husband, hushing the terrors of his wife, who is catching up her sleeping children for flight, has taken his bow, and is looking out for a shot at the grim visitor, who prowls in the back ground, snuffing the scent of his prey. This exciting story, which by its title we

suppose to be taken from some poem or romance, is intelligibly told, with more sentiment of the naturally picturesque than is generally to be found in the works of the time, and with a fine feeling of light and shade. Henry Thompson was an Academician, contemporary, and warm friend of Opie, who confided to him the finishing of his last work, when Opie was too ill to give it the concluding touches.

It is worth looking carefully at the landscape of Loutherbouurg here exhibited (94), if only to see how completely a clever painter may submit to be an imitator. It is called "Loutherbouurg," but it is Loutherbouurg trying to pass himself off as Berghem. So with all these landscapes of P. Nasmyth's (130, 131, 137, 138, 141). Careful and conscientious as they are, there is no personality of P. Nasmyth about them. It is Nasmyth content to be a second-hand Hobbema, to see in the English scenes he is painting, the browner greens, the greyer skies, and denser atmosphere of the Netherlands. The scenery of England may at times present these particular hues and harmonies. But Nasmyth could hardly have confined himself to our English landscape in this its most unattractive and quaker-like suit, if it had not been that Hobbema had gained a name by exactly similar work.

Before leaving this first room, we ought to mention that the "Regulus" (113) was the picture painted by West for George III., who suggested the subject of it on his first interview with the painter. West, in 1765, two years after his arrival in England, had been earnestly recommended to George III. by Drummond, Archbishop of York, as a young man of the most virtuous and devout character, and of the highest genius. West was invited to bring his picture of "Agrippina" to the palace, where the King and Queen received him, examined, and commended his work.

"There is another noble subject," observed his majesty, "the departure of Regulus from Rome; would it not make a fine picture?" "It is a magnificent subject," replied the painter. "Then," said the King, "you shall paint it for me." He turned with a smile to the Queen, saying, "The archbishop made one of his sons read 'Tacitus' to Mr. West for the 'Agrippina,' but I will read 'Livy' to him myself—that part where he describes the



departure of Regulus." "So saying," writes Cunningham, from whom we quote, "he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted."

West was the favourite painter of George the Third, and their natures had many points of similarity and contact. Both were of blameless life, of cool and unimpassioned temperament; both loved what they believed right and good, but were narrow in their conceptions of rectitude and goodness; and both had firm faith in themselves, their abilities, and their intentions, though a genuine Christian humility was strangely blended with their self-confidence. Indeed there is something almost affecting in the earnestness with which the two worked together,—the King commissioning, West painting, huge scripture subjects, which the patron had no more capacity to judge than the painter had imagination to realise, yet both firmly and sincerely convinced all the while that they were honouring God, and advancing true religion, by works of extraordinary genius.

But West *does* deserve unmixed honour for his "General Wolfe" (115). Hard and bad as it is in its technical qualities, it required immense courage in those days to treat such a subject so simply and naturally. That West did so treat it may be partly owing to the fact that he was an American, and thus felt, peculiarly, the American features of his incident. None probably but an American would, at that time, have thought of putting in the silent, stoical Mohawk warrior, who is watching the death of the young hero, without a tear or outward sign of emotion.

Of Gainsborough, as a portrait painter, we have already spoken with the warm admiration which we feel for his works. For Gainsborough, as a landscape painter,—though as works of art his landscapes must take lower rank than his portraits,—we entertain equal sympathy and affection. He was in all things, in life as in art, by far the most natural personage among the artists of the last century. It is impossible to read the unpretending little biography of him lately written by Mr. Fulcher, his townsman and warm admirer, without feeling the strongest regard for the kindly, nature-loving, friendly, musically-minded man. His passion was for out-door life and rustic nature. But portraiture was the way to wealth, and Gainsborough loved easy gains and

joyous but innocent spending of them. Sitters entered his painting-room through corridors lined with his unsold landscapes. Time has restored these works to juster appreciation. Many of them hang in the first saloon. One especially famous is "The Cottage Door" (161), in the figures of which the student of Gainsborough will find repetitions of some of the painter's most famous rustic groups. There are the girl and pigs, for instance, the same group he made a picture of, which Reynolds bought for 100 guineas. The graceful female figure at the door, is identical with the life-size sketch shown at Castle Howard, and said, there, to be the likeness of one of the housemaids, who happened to be sweeping out one of the rooms, when Gainsborough rising early,—or more probably going late to bed from Lord Carlisle's claret—saw her, and struck with the grace of her action and figure, dashed them hastily upon canvas. This picture, "The Market Cart" (153), and the "Coast scene with cattle" (150), are all characteristic examples of Gainsborough's landscape. It has most of the peculiarities resulting from the theory of landscape painting then prevalent. It is always treated on the broad principle, pushed, if we take the modern standard, to excess. His trees have no very positive specific character, and his surfaces are treated without much regard to natural texture. But in colour, and general relief,—*i.e.* in the value at which objects tell against the sky,—his landscapes are very masterly. The "Boys with Fighting Dogs" (92), is equally admirable in background and as a powerful rendering of a disagreeable subject. The snarling tearing dogs, especially, are life itself. But of all his landscapes here we prefer, for our own part, one of the most sketchy—the "Coast Scene" (150), in which there is an intense sentiment of summer heat, and a fine simplicity of composition in the sails of the boats to the right, and the cattle crowding to the water along the broken bank. But this is what we should nowadays call a sketch or study for a landscape, rather than a landscape. The photograph has given us a conception of the detail of nature, which makes us dissatisfied with that easy resource of breadth without making out, in which the older landscape painters habitually took refuge. The art of landscape thus pitted against photographic transcript of nature is every day becoming more difficult. With all the aid of

colour and composition, it is as much as the landscape painter nowadays can do to hold his own against the precise form and infinitesimal detail of the photograph. One result of this rivalry is likely to be the determination, on sounder principles than have yet been applied to the question, of the limitations and laws of art in its function as the representative of inanimate nature.

Before passing to the first vestibule we would give a parting word of commendation to Copley's picture of "The Tribute Money" (108), as a good piece of modern Venetian work, to the animals of Gilpin Stubbs and Reinagle (89, 91, 98, 120)—though so much inferior to our Landseer—and to the stage subjects of Zoffany (93, 95, 101), interesting as bits of theatrical antiquarianism, and valuable for their likenesses of favourite actors.

The first vestibule, which we now enter, is principally graced by works of Lawrence, Stothard, Smirke, Raeburn, Bird, Harlow, Ward, and Briggs.

Lawrence is here represented in his earlier and later manners. The former is favourably illustrated by his "Miss Farren, Countess of Derby" (183), his second work in London (1787), and the foundation of his success as a portrait painter. He was at that time still a student at the Royal Academy,—a boy-wonder of 17, having passed through a dangerous probation as infant-prodigy, sketcher, and spouter—under his father, ex-attorney, poetaster, actor, revenue officer, farmer, and landlord of the Black Bear, at Devizes—and the still more dangerous ordeal of successes as a portrait painter at Oxford and Bath. Between 1787—when he burst upon London, starting at one bound into fashion—and 1830, when he died, Sir Thomas Lawrence painted all that was noble in intellect; elevated in rank, admired for beauty, or distinguished in fashion. The Academy, by a singular honour, elected him a supplemental associate in 1791, by desire of the King himself, before he had attained the legal age of associateship. At 22 he was King's painter. He basked, as no painter had ever done before, in the favour of the public, the patronage of the nobility, and the regard of the sovereign. He earned the largest income ever made by painting. But, notwithstanding all these advantages, he neither secured ease and comfort during his life, nor has he won permanent fame among his



brethren in art. Reynolds is a portrait painter for all time. He takes rank with Titian, Vandyck, Rubens, and the great Netherlanders. Lawrence stooped to be fashionable, and the ephemeral seal of fashion ineffaceably stamped upon his works marks them out as not destined for immortality. He did not rise in his art, but declined rather from the date of this painting of Miss Farren. It has something of the satisfying substantiality of Sir Joshua. Admired as it was, it was sharply criticised, when first exhibited, for the bared head along with the winter cloak and muff. Burke consoled the discomfited young painter—all unused to harsh criticism—by the convenient maxim that “painters’ proprieties are the best.”

The decline of Lawrence, under the influence of success and the enervation of fashion, may be traced in the picture of Lady Leicester, as “Hope” (202), which hangs in the vestibule opposite to Miss Farren. It is flimsy paint, where the other is substantial flesh and blood, and the face is conventionalised into that prettiness which soon became the great source of Lawrence’s fashionable success, and the besetting sin of his pictures.

The portrait of “John Kemble, as Coriolanus” (175), was exhibited in 1798, and was meant to satisfy the world that Sir Thomas was more than a mere portrait painter. He called it himself a “half history picture.” The portrait of the same actor as “Hamlet,” and of “Mrs. Siddons, as Volumnia,” both in the National Gallery, belong to the same class. Flatness and emptiness, in all these works, seem to us made to do duty for breadth and noble simplicity. The enormous size of the figures only serves to betray more unmistakeably the commonplace nature of the conception. They are nothing more than gigantic theatrical portraits, and theatrical portraiture in character can only give us the actor, and not the part; *that* is made up of look, action, and utterance. The painter can give us look only, and he must get even that less from his sitter than from his own mind. Lawrence had no Hamlet or Coriolanus in himself to draw from.

The best works of Lawrence in this Exhibition are the “Mrs. and Miss Croker” (219, 220) in the next room. The second is a sweet and natural head, and has all the charm that Lawrence was capable of putting into a face. He was famous for his

painting of eyes, and Miss Croker's are sparkling and roguish ones. The "Master Lambton" (221) who hangs near, is well known through the beautiful engraving, which is richer in colour than the picture. The head is a fascinating idealisation of highbred boyhood—but not true to any boy character so far as we know it, any more than the attitude is. Altogether this picture must be classed, we fear, no higher than the highest class of keepsake painting. The "Countess of Wilton" (217) is another highbred Lawrence beauty. The worst of these pictures is that one never feels quite sure how much of the charm—such as it is—belongs to the sitter, how much to the painter. There is so much sameness in the character of the beauty that one cannot but suspect it was all minted in the same brain.

Harlow, a pupil of Lawrence for only eighteen months, caught so much of his manner, that he may fairly be classed as of the same school. As usual with imitators, the faults of the master are seen in the pupil's works, in their most aggravated form. Harlow's prettiness is still more unreal than Lawrence's. See, for an illustration, his groups of female heads (150*b*, 166) called "The Congratulation" and "The Proposal." His group of the Kemble Family, in the trial scene from Henry VIII. has acquired *at least* as high a reputation as it deserves. It is open to all the objections we have urged against Lawrence's theatrical portraits. The drawing is bad, as might be expected in the work of one who would never seriously set himself to study. Fuseli, who assisted him with advice in the progress of the picture, could not remedy this defect. The visitor may see whether he agrees with us from an examination of the study for that picture here exhibited (184). There is sufficient merit in the same painter's small portraits of Northcote and Fuseli (192 and 199) to explain the partial success he met with. Harlow was vain and irritable, and died at 32. We can only see the first fruits of his powers in what he has left behind.

The merits and defects of Stothard are familiar to all of us from the vast number of book-illustrations which he executed in his long, laborious, and blameless life. There have been few more amiable men, and the purity and grace of his fancy are impressed on all that came from his hand. His finest work, "The Canter-

bury Pilgrims," is here seen in the form of a study only (173). It is pleasing and popular, but compare it to the word-painting of Chaucer, from which it is taken. Only in this way can we measure the infinite gradations which separate the tame grace and amiable fancy of the painter from the intense imagination and exulting and varied sympathy of the poet,—the widest and keenest in his grasp of life, except Shakspeare, of all English writers. Stothard's fancy worked and moved in an atmosphere of its own. His world is a sunny and sinless one. His faces bear no impress of the struggle and sorrow of humanity. He shows us the holiday and not the battle of life. This may be very pleasant, but it will never permanently interest or affect those who feel the world to be so different, its skies so much cloudier and more changeful, its inhabitants so scarred and seamed and blackened with the struggle and the smoke of life's warfare. Of all his works here, to our thinking, his "Charity" (171) is pictorially the best.

Smirke was another book illustrator, but, if he lacked Stothard's serenity and grace, he had infinitely more humour and variety. Indeed the former quality sometimes leads this meritorious designer to the verge of caricature, as may be seen in his "Scene from Foote's Comedy of Taste" (179), where a fashionable young painter—a Lawrence of his day—is trying to make a conceited and ugly old dowager into a Juno. His "Don Quixote and Sancho" (181) shows how far Smirke could relish both the sad disordered dignity of the knight of the rueful countenance, and the homely shrewdness of his material squire.

It has often been said that diploma pictures are apt to be second-rate rather than first-rate specimens of those who paint them. With all our artists' respect for the Academy they feel a not unnatural reluctance to consign a master-piece to its gallery, without payment, and with but little prospect of the work being ever so seen as to spread the fame of its author.

Raeburn seems to have been of this mind. He had long sighed for the honourable initials of R.A. before he obtained them. He was made an Academician in 1815, when he was fifty-eight; and it was not till 1821 that he presented as his diploma picture, the "Boy and Rabbit" (182), shown here. It is lucky we have his "Laird of Macnab" (252), and his picture



of "Sir Walter Scott" (329), hung in the Historical Portrait Gallery, or we might form a very unjust estimate of this manly and national painter, who principally sustained the honour of art in Edinburgh from 1788, when he opened his studio in George-street, till his death in 1823.

We may say the same of Bird's diploma-picture of "The Proclamation of Joash" (185). This little conventional picture would not deserve attention, in so brief a comment as this, were it not for the circumstance that Bird was set up, at the time of Wilkie's early success, as his rival, and, for a while, divided the talk of the town with the Scottish painter. Bird rose to be an Academician from the humble occupation of a teaboard painter at Birmingham, and his real power was shown in scenes of common life. He would have been more worthily represented in our collection by some work of this class, such as his "Choristers Rehearsing," or the "Young Recruit." Of his efforts in a higher style his "Field of Chevy Chase, the Morning after the Battle," once as well known by the engraving as even the earlier works of Wilkie, was the most successful. It is now, we believe, the property of the Duke of Sutherland. His aspiration to Scriptural subjects came later, in the interval between 1813 and 1817, and this picture of Joash may serve to indicate the nature of his power. There is nothing offensive or pretentious about it; but it exhibits none of those qualities which the man must have who is to treat subjects from Holy Writ without provoking invidious comparisons.

Ward's "Bull" (196), and Briggs's "Colonel Blood seizing the Crown Jewels" (188), are among the pictures in this part of the collection which, in their respective styles, do most honour to our English school. The former work, in particular, is a masterpiece of animal-painting. Those who have studied bull-anatomy, in life as well as on canvas, unhesitatingly give the palm to Ward's brindled brute over Paul Potter's famous Bull at the Hague. They declare Ward's to be a better bull in every respect—better bred as well as better painted. We dare not intrude in a controversy requiring such special qualifications for judging. But even that degree of outward and passing acquaintance with bulls which we can lay claim to, enables us to testify to the life-like and solid presentment of the national animal by the English painter.

Nor are the other cattle in the picture less true to nature. The background, too, of English pasture, has something of the grand largeness of Rubens. Altogether we know of no work by an English animal-painter that can stand, with so little disadvantage, by the side of any of Snyders's canvases, instinct with fierce animal life and movement. We do not except even the works of our own Landseer. This picture ought certainly to find a home in any national gallery that includes English pictures.

The "Attempt of Colonel Blood" (188), is a vigorous work,—solidly painted, with a striking effect of light, and full of sudden action. Briggs, at least, is not amenable to the charge of having presented the Academy with a second-rate example of his powers.

There is much character, too, in his picture of the "Retainers," in *Romeo and Juliet* (190), hung above the *Colonel Blood*, and entitled "Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?"

As we enter saloon E, a glance tells us that we are drawing near our own times in art. On the further wall, indeed, hang only the works of living artists. But even these pictures on the left are all from great men whose memory is as yet fresh and green. Callcot, Turner, Constable, and Müller, Wilkie, Collins, Haydon, Newton, and Etty, bring us to the study of works many of which we can ourselves remember the glory of Academy exhibitions. We have passed away, in landscape-art, from imitations of Claude, Hobbema, and Berghem—in figure-painting, from the exclusive reign of the high historical. We are arriving at the time when our landscape painters dare to look at nature without classical spectacles, and when the introduction of *genre* has opened to our figure-painters the whole range of subjects in past and contemporary life. We say advisedly "are arriving," rather than "have arrived;" for in the case of two, at least, of the four landscape painters to whose works we now come, we may still see the strong influence of earlier masters.

Callcot is still professedly among the sleepy sunlit streams, the schuyts and galliots of Cuyp's river pictures, and forswears England to seek subjects in the Low Countries, or in classic no-man's land. We hardly find here one work of his in which he has painted honest, everyday English nature.

Turner, who, happily for all lovers of nature and art, is represented in this saloon by no fewer than nineteen pictures—to say nothing of the magnificent series of his drawings in the Water-colour Gallery—may here be traced through three out of the four periods into which his pictorial life has, by accord of the most competent critics of his works, been divided. We borrow the description of the painter's aims in each of these periods from Mr. Ruskin's notes on the Turner pictures exhibited at Marlborough House.

“In the first period, 1800-1820, he laboured as a student, imitating successfully the works of the various masters who excelled in the qualities he desired to attain himself. In his second period, 1820-1835, he worked on the principles which during his studentship he had discovered; imitating no one, but frequently endeavouring to do what the then accepted theories of art required of all artists, namely, to produce beautiful compositions or ideals, instead of transcripts of natural fact. In his third period, 1835-1845, his own strong instincts conquered the theories of art altogether. He thought little of ‘ideals,’ but reproduced, as far as he could, the simple impressions he received from nature, associating them with his own deepest feelings. In 1845 his health gave way, and his mind and sight partially failed. The pictures painted in the last five years of his life are of wholly inferior value.”

Turner's first works were exhibited in 1787, his last in 1850. He died in 1851. His artistic life extends over these sixty-three years. Excluding its periods of immaturity and decay, it may be said to include half a century—but half a century of such labour as no other man, perhaps, ever compassed.

Never was there a painter who wrought with more certainty than Turner, who wasted less time in experiment, or fastidious paintings in and paintings out. He acquired his mastery, not by laborious practice on one string of nature, but by daring exercise of brain and hand through her whole harmonious gamut. If he failed in satisfying himself by his rendering of one of her harmonies, he did not retrace his ground, but boldly took up a fresh position, and attacked his subject or effect from another side, and in new combinations. When it is remembered that the separate



works included in his bequest to the nation amount in number to not less than 20,000, and that we may well suppose at least as many more sold to purchasers, or otherwise dispersed, we may form some idea how completely Turner's life was devoted to his art, and what teeming fruit this devotion bore. It is true that many of these works are mere slight sketches or memoranda, but they are all records of pictures conceived by the artist—distinct processes of pictorial creation—or separate impressions on pictorial memory. And in all this vast range of works, the painter can hardly once be said to have repeated himself. "It is not a little difficult"—says Mr. Ruskin, in his pamphlet entitled "Pre-Raphaelitism," p. 41—"to give the reader who is unacquainted with his works an idea either of their infinitude of aims on the one hand, or of the kind of feeling which pervades them all on the other. No subject was too low or too high for him. We find him one day hard at work on a cock and hen, with their family of chickens, in a farmyard, and bringing all the refinement of his execution into play to express the texture of the plumage; next day he is drawing the 'Dragon of Colchis.' One hour he is much interested in a gust of wind blowing away an old woman's cap; the next he is painting the fifth plague of Egypt. Every landscape painter before him had acquired distinction by confining his efforts to one class of subject. Hobbema painted oaks; Ruysdael water-falls and copses; Cuyp river or meadow scenes in quiet afternoons; Salvator and Poussin, such kind of mountain scenery as people could conceive, who lived in towns in the 17th century. But I am well persuaded, that if all the works of Turner, up to the year 1820, were divided into classes (as he has himself divided them in the 'Liber Studiorum'), no preponderance could be assigned to one class over another. There is architecture including a large number of formal 'gentlemen's seats'—I suppose drawings commissioned by the owners; then lowland pastoral scenery of every kind, including nearly all farming operations—ploughing, harrowing, hedging and ditching, felling trees, and I know not what else; then all kinds of town life—court-yards of inns, starting of mail coaches, interiors of shops, house buildings, fairs, elections, &c.; then all kinds of lower domestic life—interiors of rooms, studies of costumes, of still life and heraldry, including multitudes of symbolical

vignettes—then marine scenery of every kind, full of local incident, every kind of boat and method of fishing for particular fish being specifically drawn, round the whole coast of England—pilchard fishing at St. Ives, whiting fishing at Margate, herring at Loch Fyne; and all kinds of shipping, including studies of every separate part of the vessels, and many marine battle-pieces, two in particular of Trafalgar, both of high importance—one of the Victory, after the battle, now in Greenwich Hospital—another of the death of Nelson, in his own gallery; then all kinds of mountain scenery, some idealised into compositions, others of definite localities; together with classical compositions, Romes and Carthages, and such others by the myriad, with mythological, historical, or allegorical figures—nymphs, monsters, and spectres, heroes and divinities. What general feeling, it may be asked incredulously, can possibly pervade all this? This, the greatest of all feelings—an utter forgetfulness of self.” A careful study of even the works in this collection, pictures and drawings, will satisfy our readers that Mr. Ruskin has not exaggerated in this passage the singular range of Turner’s art. It is well perhaps that in the present exhibition there is no illustration of the painter’s last or declining period. This, unfortunately, as being the freshest in people’s memories, is the one most frequently referred to, by those who wish to depreciate Turner as a merely fantastic and extravagant dreamer.

Let those who have been in the habit of making or listening to such criticism study Turner’s pictures and drawings here shown. The collection is rich in works of his first or imitative manner. To this class we must even refer that large and grand work, “The Wreck of the Minotaur” (208), painted, perhaps, before 1810: the other wreck, now belonging to the nation and painted much in the same manner, dates in 1805. The inherent power of the master shows itself in the composition of the whole picture,—in the run of the vast waves, the helpless welter of the raft, the cork-like tossing of the boat on the crest of the breaker, the blinding hell of rain, and spray, and sea, and storm-cloud, through which the wrecked hull looms desolately. But, in painting this sea,—awful as it is in drawing, and in the work it is doing,—Turner was still evidently thinking of Van der Velde. It is all grey

where, in later days, we should have seen all gradations of colour, from the glassy green of the ocean's ridges, and the awful blackness of its abysses, to the milk-white foam upon the lips of its hungry waves. Here again, as in the national picture of a similar subject, there is nobody and nothing wet,—none of the multitudinous gleam and infinite reflection and flashing play of light which must be wherever water moves and strikes. So in the "Dolbadarn" (232) and "Dunstanborough Castles" (198), the former his diploma picture,—there is an evident aim at the exaggerated breadth of Wilson; though in the first there is a grand solemnity, due to the painter's own genius; and in the second, the run in of the dancing waters, bright with the sunrise, shows that, with all his study of Wilson, Turner felt for himself whatever is finest in the subject of his picture.

The "Vintage at Macon" (229), is interesting for its connection with Turner's early patron, Lord Yarborough, recorded in the catalogue. As a picture, it is an imitation of Claude, though Turner has not been successful in catching the serene and sunlit colour and the pervading atmosphere of his master. The picture, imposing as it is in composition, is black and cold.

Of this first or imitative period, also, are all those boating or fishing pictures, numbered 248, 264, 288, 609. In all the painter is still thinking of Van der Velde. There is still that exaggeration of darks, and that preponderance of greys, and that want of wetness in the sea, which he had got from his study of the Dutch master. But there is in these pictures also what he did not get from the Dutch master, the intensely faithful rendering of the motion of the waves, and the swing, and toss, and action, of the craft that float upon them. Observe, too, how various in character and colour the seas are, according to the weather and wind indicated by the sky, and the occupation of the boats and their crews. Note in one of these pictures the inky blackness of the inshore water under a flaw of wind that suddenly ripples its surface. Stand before the "Coast Scene" (264) until you feel the marvellous truth of the action of the wave on the boat, where they are shipping the rudder, as she lifts to the sea, and the equally wonderful truth of colour in the wet beach, where you may almost fancy



you hear the downward drag of the shingles, so perfect is the drawing of the receding tide.

Again, in the picture of "Tabley Lake and Tower" (292), exhibited in 1819, what accurate discrimination there is, both in colour and form, between the lake and the sea as shown in the other pictures just referred to. The slaty, steely blue, and the "poppling" ripple under the wind, both tell of shallow land-bound water. See, too, how windy the sky is in this picture, how answering to the aspect of the lake. The "Saltash" (239) is a work of the first period, painted probably between 1805 and 1810. From the half-effaced inscription on the wall of the brick building to the right of the foreground, "England expects every man to do his duty," we may infer it to have been painted after the first of these years. No doubt the painter saw that inscription there. Turner was perhaps thinking of Cuyp when he painted this picture. But here we cannot point to any untruth into which his imitation has betrayed him. Nothing can be more commonplace than the subject,—a landing-place, with a shed, pierced by a broad passage for carts. In front the quiet river margin; a tier of barges on the left; on the right a fore-shortened boat; on the bank, goods and bales, lounging soldiers and sailors, fishwomen and porters; through the roofed passage a glimpse into the street beyond. It is impossible, in short, to conceive a more literal transcript of a more commonplace subject. But the sun has flooded these common objects with such a splendour of golden light, in which river, and boats, and shed, and more distant houses so bask, and glow, and wink, that the sunshine will soak into you, if you look long enough, and you will become absorbed in the lazy luxury of that afternoon warmth, and understand why the painter has been careful to put in that signboard, announcing "beer." It is a most beer-enjoying time, and place, and population,—a lotus-land of cool malt and hop.

There are little pictures of this same period, the "Highland Bridge" (245), and "Old Margate Pier" (254), which would be noticeable anywhere else. But we cannot pause on them, with the "Barnes Terrace" (256), and "Walton Bridge" (266), inviting us onward. These we take to be works—the former certainly, the latter conjecturally—of the second period. According to Ruskin,

the technical distinction of works of this period are—1. Colour takes the place of grey. 2. Refinement takes the place of force. 3. Quantity takes the place of mass, these qualities are sometimes pushed too far, and then the colour is excessive and self-destructive, the refinement fades into unsubstantiality, and the quantity becomes overpowering, “and the materials of twenty noble pictures are concentrated into a single failure.” The “Barnes Terrace” was exhibited in 1827, under the title, in the Academy Catalogue, of “Mortlake Terrace, seat of William Moffat, Esq., Summer Evening.” He had exhibited a picture of the same place the year before, with an effect of “Early Summer Morning”—both, probably, records of a happy day. The day that closed as this picture represents, should have been a happy one. The broad light of the evening sun still lies upon the river, and casts the lengthening shadows of the limes over the golden sward, where a garden chair and a portfolio speak of the artist who has just left the spot, and the gilded barges and glancing wherries tell of holiday-makers upon the river, and the dog has wakened from his doze in the sun to leap upon the parapet, and bark at the passing boats. This dog is one of the often-quoted examples of Turner’s reckless readiness of resource and carelessness as to means of effect. There was no dog in this picture originally. Turner thought, or somebody suggested to him, that a dark object on the parapet would throw back the distance, and enhance the ærial effect of the whole picture. So Turner cut out this dog in black paper and stuck him on the wall, and satisfied with the effect, either forgot how it was produced, or did not think it worth while to replace his paper dog with a painted one; and there the paper dog remains to this day.

The “Walton Bridge” is a perfect transcript of the scene on a serene summer’s day, with the flecked sky, passing from blue to gold in the left-hand corner, the barges drawn up alongside the bank for dinner, and the cows crowding down to the grassy margin to drink, and enjoy the coolness of the river. There is no imitation here. It is the place itself, under common conditions of fine summer weather, refreshing to look upon as the real scene. It is interesting to compare this picture with the lovely drawing of the same subject by the same master in the water-colour gallery.

Both are alike simple transcripts of the truth, yet they are not repetitions. But even more important works of the master's second period here exhibited are the "Cologne" (224), and the "Pas de Calais" (295).

We cannot say how rejoiced we were to see the former picture in its place here, and apparently so perfect in condition, for we had lamented over it as having been torn to pieces in a railway accident a short time ago, on the strength of a statement of Mr. Ruskin's to that effect.\* The picture is on the painter's largest scale. It represents the Rhine under the walls of Cologne, with the Treckschuyt arriving, and taking up its berth for landing the passengers. The river is placid, and scarce rippled by the slowly-moving Treckschuyt, as she makes her way past the picturesque craft beside her. On the right are the walls, with a tower and spire breaking their line, and running up to a postern, backed by a taller tower. In the foreground, some barks of timber, and the spider-like arms of a couple of those fishing-nets which tourists by the Rhine and Moselle know so well, reflected in the wet sand, and casting their evening shadows as well as their reflections. In the distance, you catch a glimpse of the distant bridge of boats. The sky is being rapt through that rosy change which precedes the dying of twilight into dark. The sun is not seen in the picture. But a cloud lies between it and the spectator, and from behind this the broad slanting rays strike on town and tower, and shoot down to the stream, flinging on its unruffled face and on the rounded sides of the Treckschuyt, the shadows of intercepting edifices, while from the lighted water a glow strikes back into the cool violet shadows cast by wall and steeple, and fills them with reflected light.

The whole picture is hushed in rosy twilight calm—windless and soundless. It breathes serenity and peace. Never was the spirit of nature, in one of her most soothing and uplifting moments, more completely caught by a painter's imagination, and more perfectly rendered by a painter's hand in form and colour.

Another work, also of the second period, and here catalogued under the name "Pas de Calais" (295)—but which we presume

\* We have since learnt with great pleasure that Mr. Naylor's Turners were not among those pictures of his which did so suffer.



to be the picture exhibited in 1827, by the title “‘Now for the Painter;’—Passengers going on Board,”—is by very much the most powerful example of Turner’s sea painting here exhibited; and, indeed, one of the very finest seas we have ever seen from his hand. It shows what an immense advance he had by this time made upon the work of those days when Van der Velde furnished his ideal of marine painting. Here is liquidity and lustre as well as true drawing of waves. His seas reflect as well as rock the craft that roll and pitch upon them as naturally as ever. We may see, too, how much larger and grander his ocean has grown—how much more awful in its expression of power is even this quiet and harmless channel sea, than the storm-lashed surf which is grinding the Minotaur to splinters. As we read the picture, it represents passengers coming from the packet—which cannot get in for shoal-water—to the fishing boat which has put off from the harbour with friends of the packet passengers on board. So we explain the sick woman, with her luggage, on board the small boat, and the eager crowding welcome on board the lugger, where the man is preparing to heave the rope aboard the lesser craft. The shoal water is indicated by the sand just showing in the trough of the foreground sea, and by the seaweed which mottles with dark grey the dun, discoloured inshore water.

The “Van Tromp” (282) is the solitary example furnished by this Exhibition of the painter’s third manner. While the best works of this period show what Ruskin finely describes as “a deep imaginative delight, and tender rest in the loveliness of what the painter had learned to see in nature,” there are many in which he seemed to work in a sort of playful defiance of his brethren and the public, with an increasing tendency to the unsubstantial in his masses, and to the use of pure white, with bright scarlet reflected lights in the flesh of his foreground figures.

To this picture we cannot confidently assign a date among the many “Van Tromps” which Turner painted under varying circumstances; but we presume it to be the one exhibited in 1844. There is a want of substance and precision about the figures which renders it impossible for us to interpret the story, and though there is motion in the sea, and breeziness and air and light in the

sky, and all through the picture, we cannot but class it among the weaker works in the third manner of the painter.

We have reserved mention till now, because of their place in the gallery, of two of Turner's pictures, the one of his second, the other of his first period, "The Sun rising through Vapour" (294), and the "Falls of Schaffhausen" (297). We ascribe the first work to his second manner only from the internal evidence of the picture, for he painted the same subject in 1807, the year after his production of the "Falls of Schaffhausen." But surely this must be the work of 1830. If not, all we can say is, that here is a work of 1807, which the painter could not have improved upon twenty years later. Nothing of Turner's we have ever seen can exceed the magic of atmospheric effect in this picture, the blue morning haze, the vessels looming through it, faint and more faint as they recede into distance, and the twinkle of the half-smothered sun-light on the wet sand of the foreground, along which the glassy tide is creeping with a smooth and measured pulse, of which you may almost fancy you hear the stilly sound as you gaze.

In the "Falls of Schaffhausen," though there is still some timidity in the way the painter has adhered to grey all through, with what power he has rendered the downward rushing leap of the cataract, and the resisting strength of the backward-sloping rocks that sever its foaming mass! Few men could so completely have resisted the temptation to try after sublimity even in the accompaniments of such a picture. Who but Turner—within his days of dutiful pupilage to fact, controlled, as he conceived a pupil was bound to be, by great masters in art—bent ever on painting what he saw, would have dared to put into the foreground of this mighty leap of the great river the backing waggon with its kicking horses, the bales and boxes waiting, and the cattle being driven down to the ferry boat; all, doubtless, as he saw them when he made his sketch for the picture?

In general, attempts at painting a great cataract are failures. But here, somehow, Turner has given the impression of the real thing—the hurly-burly of waters, the sheer-down rush, the rebound from opposing rock, the clouds from the churning cauldron below, and the rainbow hanging, half-formed, in the atmosphere charged with spray.

Bating some tameness in colour, no grander landscape than this ever came from Turner's hand.

We now pass from Turner—the representative, as he may be called, of the many-sided power—to one who was his opposite, alike in technical practice and in the narrow range of his sympathies and subjects, John Constable. Born in 1766, at East Bergholt, in the fertile valley of the Stour, which divides Suffolk from Essex, his earliest impressions were of the gentle hills, the fertile meadows, fat pastures, luxuriant woods, and weedy locks and mills, which make the neighbourhood of his native village one of the pleasantest parts of pastoral England. In 1795, his father consented to his leaving the paternal business of a miller, to become a pupil of Farington, in London. But Constable's heart was in East Bergholt all his life; and a circle of a few hundred yards around Flatford, near his native village, comprised the scenes from which his best pictures were painted—the lock, of which two pictures may be seen in our Exhibition, and the landscape called “The White Horse,” among the number. Of the scenery round about this centre Constable was an intense and genuine lover. All his pictures here exhibited illustrate this intense sympathy with the nature in the midst of which his eye was educated and his mind formed. He took into his heart in later life some other scenes, associated closely with his affections. Thus Osmington, in Dorsetshire, was dear to him, from its association with his happy marriage; and Salisbury, because it was the residence of his best friend—Archdeacon Fisher. Of all aspects of nature he most felt the beauty of clouded skies and sudden gleams. It is such “greatcoat” weather, as Fuseli christened it, in all his pictures here. In all of them we stand, as the painter loved to stand, by the margin of the brimming river, with its luxuriant growth of burdock and plantain, and sedges, its fringe of tallows, and its eyots with their thick growth of aged willows. We seem, as we look, to see the pulses of the stream as, stirred with languid pulses of the oar, it waves its lazy lilies, or to hear the cheerful dash of the mill-race, or to mark the rise and fall of the water in the lock, among the glistening piles and slimy sluices, and weed-grown fissures of the dank brickwork. And always the low cloud, grey with its weight of rain, or leaden



with its brooding freight of thunder, hangs over our heads, and all the light comes in fleeting bursts, or falls in pencils from a shrouded sun. Always the same earth—the same sky—the same spire—the same mill—the same meadows—the same river. Constable was a true snail. He carried his home upon his back. Could he have had his will he would never have stirred, mind or body, from that circle of five hundred yards' radius round Flatford church and Tommy Lott's cottage.

No wonder that a grasp of nature so narrow was intense in proportion. But let the love of one set of objects be as true and strong as man can feel, it can only furnish food for one mood of mind in the spectator. It is playing on one of Nature's strings. This, with certain not agreeable peculiarities of execution, was enough to account for the limited popularity of Constable's works in his lifetime. He was more admired, strange to say, and more imitated, in France than in England. He has given birth to the modern French landscapeart of Troyon, and Rousseau, and Auguste Bonheur. Then he had nothing of that dexterity and perfection of handling which has obtained extensive popularity for the works of many men, as narrow as Constable in range of subject, and less sincere and truthful.

Of Constable's landscapes here exhibited, the freest from that defective "handling" which blinds many to the loving truth of the painter's work, is the "White Horse" (277). It was one of the painter's favourites among his own works.

The two locks on the Stour, the one with the rising, the other with the falling, water (257, 298), are excellent specimens of the painter. The "Salisbury Cathedral" (243) was another of Constable's favourite pictures. It is contributed by our townsman, Mr. Samuel Ashton. He may congratulate himself on the possession of a genuine, plashy, willowy, weedy, rain-clouded Constable, with more than is agreeable to us of his peculiar blackness and dirtiness of colour.

Callcot, in all but narrowness of range, is the antipodes of Constable. Like him he is almost exclusive in his devotion to rivers. Unlike him, his effort is for broad and equally diffused light, and clear translucent atmosphere. But there is not in Callcot that single eye and over-mastering love of one phase of

nature which belonged to Constable. Look at the large examples of the former here shown—his “Scheldt near Antwerp” (207), his “Morning” (233), and his “Italian Landscape” (278), and say if he does not seem to be aiming less at nature than at successful imitation of Cuypp and Claude. It is the sense of this imitative effort in Callcot which probably takes off the pleasure we should otherwise receive—and have no better reason than we are now giving for not receiving—from his skilful and careful compositions. In the “Harvest Scene in the Highlands” (242), the joint work Callcot and Landseer, the landscape has still, to our eyes, a Claudesque air. It is the grand Highland strath, lessened in a Claude glass—the repose of its long levels, the grandeur of its wandering sunlight, the awfulness of its guarding mountains, all feebly expressed, because the recollection of an earlier master stood between the scene and the man who painted it.

Of all the landscapes which adorn this gallery, there are none that awaken in us a deeper or sadder interest than those of W. J. Müller. Cut off in the very promise of his age—he was considerably under forty when he died—Müller, in that short but well-filled life of his, has produced enough, as it seems to us, to justify the anticipation, that had he lived he would have been the greatest English landscape painter after Turner.

Born in Bristol, the son of a provincial artist, pencils and colours his playthings from the cradle, Müller could scarce remember the time when he was not employed in the effort to represent what he saw before him. The manual dexterity acquired by this constant practice was almost startling. During the earlier part of his career Müller, like Turner, tried all the styles of preceding painters, ancient and modern. He tried to paint nature like Turner, like Constable, like Salvator, like Poussin, like Titian. Not that he copied the works of any of these men; but he went to nature with the predetermination to see her as they saw her.

This imitative phase was soon passed through. We are glad to say there is no work of that period shown here. Between twenty-five and the time of his death he was looking at nature for himself, in excursions in all directions, by land or river, round London, in England north and south, east and west, in Scotland and in Wales, in journeys to Italy, the Archipelago, Greece, Egypt, Syria, always

pencil in hand, using sometimes oil and sometimes water colour, to record all he saw in architecture, in natural scenery, in costume, in manners. What a master he was of water colour some of his Lycian sketches exhibited in our water-colour gallery may serve to show. What he might have been as a figure painter is indicated by his composition here exhibited of "Prayers in the Desert" (296), and his sketches of a "Syrian Dance" (291), and the "Slave Market of Cairo" (225). How potent in colour, how solid, how solemn are the first and last of these! how delicious in sunshine, and how grand in its noble distance the second—slight and unfinished as it is! How he would feel and render back the grandeur of a poetic theme, let his "Sphynx" (290), and his "Memnon" (310), show. Who has painted like him the red light of desert sunsets—the golden glow of desert sunrise—the solemn stretch of desert sands, and the awfulness of those placid giants who keep guard over old Egypt's buried wealth of tombs? But he that so watched the sun strike Memnon, and redden in the calm granite eyes of the Sphynx, could lie all day long in a hatch-boat, and take in with equal intensity of appreciation, and render with equal faithfulness of hand, the hazy grey sky and poppling water of the Medway (250), or could follow the train of baggage waggons, with its red-coated guard, along the plashy roads that intersect Rainham marshes (302); or could spend his summer in a tent, pitched by the black bed of a Welsh slate-torrent, and paint the rush and roar of its peat-stained waters, as Müller has painted them in that noble landscape, with the water mill (309). And he can take us into the quiet village heart of that same Gillingham, whose church tower figures in so many of his Medway distances, and set us by the stream where it flows through the rusty pales, to watch, with intensest interest, the village children fishing for sticklebacks (308). In the great range of his art Müller resembled, or rather gave promise of resembling, Turner. In some technical qualities, especially in solidity, he surpassed him. His feeling for colour was more Venetian than any of our painters. His power of composition was unfailing. He died before he had done more than show what manner of man he was. But assuredly he was a man of rare genius, applied to a favourite pursuit with unremitting industry, and



he has left such records, even in his unfinished life, as the world will not willingly let die.

Of Collins the Exhibition furnishes abundant samples, all pleasant and characteristic of his true feeling for English coast and country scenery, and few that do not show, with this, his feebleness of hand. His pictures have the aerial qualities, but lack solidity and strength. "The Morning Bath," exhibited in 1831, is one of the freshest, and the figures and action pleasantly help out the familiar sentiment of the picture. Who, as he looks at that bright green sea, but remembers his own early experience of forced ablutions—the cold undressing in the damp machine, with its ancient and fish-like smell, and its slimy gritty floor—the shivering walk out in the rough arms of the bathing woman—the salt, choking, stifling, struggling plunge—once, twice, or thrice, according to order, and altogether irrespective of inclination—and the comfort of the water-bite afterwards? All Englishmen love the sea instinctively, and Collins, in these honest beach pictures of his, must always be a favourite.

Here are a batch of noble contemporaries—Wilkie at the head of them; then Newton—Phillips, the painter of authors and men of genius—Hilton and Haydon, the last martyrs of "high art"—and Etty, the glory and boast of our colourists. Wilkie and Haydon were pupils together at the Academy. They took the first steps in art side by side, as if that the after divergence in their practice, their fates, and their fame might be the more striking.

Wilkie had the courage to follow his natural bent, with dogged steadiness, at a time when to paint small subjects of common or even low life seemed to promise neither money nor reputation. By this course, he made two fortunes, became the creator of a school, and attained European fame.

Haydon was determined to paint only the heroic, and that on a colossal scale. By persevering in this determination in defiance of modern conditions and circumstances, by quarrelling with all who advised or criticised him, and by perpetually appealing to the public, till it was tired of him and his difficulties, he left behind him imperfect pictures, plunged himself into life-long embarrassments, and at last died by his own hand—a baffled man.

There are many lessons in the two lives, and the examination of the works of these two strikingly-contrasted contemporaries will help us to some of them. The compilers of the catalogue have very properly attached dates to all Wilkie's pictures. This is important, as illustrating the different phases of practice through which he passed. Allan Cunningham has written Wilkie's life at great length. But the glimpses we get of the painter in the autobiography of Haydon are perhaps the most vivid revelations of the man. Different as their tendencies of mind and styles of work were, Haydon and Wilkie, at the outset of their career, appreciated and respected each other's talents, and rejoiced in each other's success.

Haydon describes, with characteristic vehemence, his reading, in the newspaper report of the Academy, of the success of "The Village Politicians," painted for Lord Mansfield, in 1806:—

"I was in the clouds, hurried over my breakfast, rushed away, met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, 'Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the paper!' 'Is it, rea-al-ly?' said David. I read the puff—we huzzaed, and, taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired."

The earliest works of Wilkie here exhibited are of 1807, the year in which he painted the "Blind Fiddler." Of this year is the "Rent Day," (265)—the composition of which all know by heart from Raimbach's engraving, and which in technical merits ranks among the best works of the painter,—and a small picture of Wilkie's parents, the worthy minister of Cults, and his sensible grave wife, the mother Wilkie loved so well; for whom, out of the price of the first picture he sold, he bought a bonnet and shawl, perhaps the very shawl she is here painted in. Nothing can be truer, graver, more unpretending than these two heads, or more suited to the simple unvaried life of the Fifeshire manse. Wilkie never rose as a painter beyond what he was from 1806 to 1810. All his best works are included in these four years. The "Card Players" (275) is a picture of 1808. The "Gamekeeper" exhibited here (260)—perhaps that very gamekeeper of Sir George Beaumont's whom Haydon and he made studies from in their first visit to Sir George, when Wilkie

was still the wonder of London—was painted in 1810. Wilkie was admitted to the Academy in 1811, and his diploma picture is here; small, but highly-finished; quite a second-rate specimen of him (247). His “Blindman’s Buff” (258)—painted for the Prince Regent, and contributed to our Exhibition, by her Majesty—is a work of 1813. It is still careful, and furnishes a good example of the skilful, studied composition of the painter whose knowledge and power in such humble subjects so astonished Haydon. Nor can we trace any evidence of slighter finish, or mere hurry of execution, in the “Letter of Introduction” (262), painted in 1814. But in the picture of the “Distraining for Rent” (259), painted a year later, we already see the first indication of that slovenliness and slightness so exactly the reverse of his manner in his earlier works, which was afterwards fostered to a destructive extent by his three years’ visit to Italy and Spain between 1825 and 1828. Wilkie undertook this journey when broken down by pecuniary anxieties consequent on his brother’s failure in business, in the embarrassments of which he was himself involved. The “Distraining for Rent,” however, with all this comparative slightness, is, in point of expression, perhaps the highest work of the master. It appeals to our sympathies in an honest, unexaggerated way, too,—just as one might imagine beforehand, cool, cautious, business-like David Wilkie *would* appeal to them. He gets at the feelings through the pockets. We are sorry for the man who can’t pay his rent; but, while we are made keenly sensible of the money difficulty, we are also brought into sympathy with the domestic wreck, and the ruin of hopes and happiness, in an honest hard-working family: for Wilkie had strong family affections as well as a keen eye for money.

Of all men he was the most racy of his native soil, and least qualified to profit by foreign travel, or to grow good fruit by the graft of his genuine Scottish growth upon a foreign stock. The result proved this lamentably. “The Columbus,” (618) hung in the Clock-gallery (in consequence of its late arrival), is the best work he painted after his return from Spain. But look at the puny, petty face of the great navigator, and think how Titian would have painted him! In the large picture of “Napoleon and Pope Pius” (269), painted in 1836, we see the unhappy results of



ill-advised imitation, and of attempting a scale and class of subject for which the painter was by nature disqualified. The only good thing in the picture is the head of the Pope; and what is good in that is due to Lawrence's portrait of him hung at Windsor. The Napoleon is the merest shadow—his boots the most solid part of him. The whole work is unsubstantial and flimsy in the extreme. And yet there is enough indicated to show that if the painter had been working on the scale natural to him, he could have elaborated finely the expression in the heads of the subtle, smooth, slippery, but unyielding priest, and the angry and imperious soldier. As it is, these expressions are indicated only, with a want of completeness which the size of the picture makes us feel all the more painfully.

Wilkie died in 1841, in the bay of Gibraltar, on his return from the east. His "Hookabadar" (284), painted in 1840, is the only record of that journey here exhibited. But it seems as if the east had produced a certain quickening of the old power. This figure is finely and vigorously dashed in. The early biblical education of Wilkie's manse had left a lasting impression on Wilkie's mind, and he was strongly wrought on by visiting the actual scenes of Bible history. It was his wish to turn to account his eastern studies in painting subjects from the New Testament history. It is fortunate, probably, for his fame that he did not live to make the attempt.

Of Haydon, whose struggling and combative life and sad and startling death are doubtless fresh in the memories of most of our readers, we have the "Macbeth" (241), his second important work, painted between 1809 and 1811; and the "Judgment of Solomon" (280), begun in 1812 and finished in 1814. The former is contributed by the representative of Sir G. Beaumont, for whom the picture was painted, who behaved kindly to Haydon through its progress (though Haydon thought otherwise), and who ultimately quarrelled with the painter in consequence of his behaviour in relation to this picture. The "Judgment of Solomon" is contributed by Sir Edwin Landseer, who owes to Haydon some early instruction in anatomical drawing, and who lately bought the picture for a comparatively small sum, after its many vicissitudes of fortune. With the help of the autobiography of Haydon,

published in 1853, we may trace every step in the progress of these pictures—from their first conception, through the various changes of intention, to their completion. We can identify the models, ascertain the principles of the composition, be initiated into the re-paintings, and learn how “Macbeth” is built up on the true heroic principle, giving him in the strongest degree the characteristic “points” of the man, and diminishing to the utmost those of the brute. As might be expected of any figure so theoretically constructed, the “representative man” has turned into something very like a monster. The exaggeration in the length of the neck, and the size and muscular over-development of the lower limbs, must strike every eye. But it cannot be denied that there is a grand and simple dignity in the sleeping Duncan, and naturalness in the attitudes of the dozing grooms of his chamber. The moment chosen is properly described by Haydon as an awful one. “The very instant that Lady Macbeth rustling on the stairs has disturbed Macbeth as he was stepping in between the grooms and the bed, to murder the king.” In his first conception of the picture Haydon had no Lady Macbeth visible—only the huge shadow projected from her listening figure, outside the door. It is a pity he altered this part of his design in deference to criticism. While at work on this picture Haydon dissected a lioness, made careful drawings and casts from a celebrated negro model,—nearly killing the poor man in one of his castings, when he allowed the plaster to harden all round his body at once, and so checked respiration—and worked at intervals from the Elgin marbles, of which he was the first to see and make known the beauties to the British world. “I spared no pains,” he says, in his self-confident way, “to make my picture perfect in poetry, expression, form, colour, light and shadow, and *impasto*.” And it was while working on this picture, through borrowing to pay his way, that he brought round himself the first coil of those embarrassments which hampered him all through life, and did so much to bring about his untimely end. And it was at the same time that he got into his first controversy in print, on the relative anatomical peculiarities of the white and negro races, a commencement of strife hardly less unfortunate for him than his first embarrassment. By the time he had finished the picture he was 600*l*. in debt, and had attacked the Academy—

who had offended him by their hanging of his "Dentatus"—in a fierce article sent to the *Examiner*. Leigh Hunt encouraged him: Wilkie, more wise, dissuaded him. "Hunt gets his living by such things: you will lose all chance of it. It is all very well to be a reformer, but be one with your pencil, and not with your pen."

His "Solomon" was begun the year after the "Macbeth," with prayer, for so Haydon always began his works. He ate and drank on credit, and lodged on credit, all the while he was painting the picture—such was the confidence he inspired in eating-house and lodging-house keepers by his energy and genuine devotion to his art. While he was at work on the head of Solomon news was brought him of his father's death. He was too absorbed in his painting to pause even for such tidings. Of the wicked mother in his picture he writes: "Though heated in my feelings and agitated in my intellect, I began the fiend of a mother, and getting, as usual, perfectly abstracted, and seeing her expression glittering to my imagination, on leaving off at four, I felt and saw that the head was a terrific hit. Green, the splendid model, looked at it with terror. 'Surely, sir, I never looked so dreadfully.' 'No; your head and form have only been the objects to paint from, and put the expression in. God forbid that under any circumstances you should look like that.'"

The expression of the true mother was from recollection of an actual face in intense maternal agony. "I can to this day," he writes, "recollect a poor creature who saw her son dashed to pieces by a horse, near Temple Bar. Nothing could exceed her dreadful suffering. Her nose and cheeks became a settled purple, a burning tear hung fixed without dropping, in her eyelid; her livid lips shook with agony, while she screamed and groaned, with agitated hoarseness, on her dear boy. I was passing an hour afterwards: I heard her dreadful screams, which had now become incessant, till they died away from exhaustion into convulsive sighs. My heart beats at the recollection. I put her expression into the mother in 'Solomon.'" The young mother running off with her two children, on the left, was painted from Patience Smith, a beautiful gipsy girl, whose black eyes flashed on the painter from a camp fire in the outskirts of London. "She was



about sixteen," he says, "with jet hair and brunette face—a perfect *Rafaëlle*." She was innocent of all gipsy ways, and had not begun to tell fortunes when she first sat to Haydon. It was a curious speculation, he says, to watch the gradual debasement of her mind. "One morning she was late: she said she had begun fortunes, and her heart sank at the stuff she had been telling to poor servant girls. The next time she began to think there was something in it; till at last she believed it as sincerely as the girls themselves." When we consider the difficulties and discouragements under which this picture was painted, "with no draperies," to use Haydon's own words, "no comforts, nothing but a wooden lay figure, on which my breakfast-cloth, my blankets, my sheets, all took their turn," and with the painter's eyes failing through intense application—for he sometimes worked eighteen hours (he says) out of the twenty-four—it must be admitted to be a wonderful work, and one quite worthy to take its place in a national gallery of English pictures. Poor old West sent him a draft for 15*l.*, though they had then stopped his allowance from the King. Fauntleroy arranged an advance for him. The picture was shown in the exhibition of the Water-colour Society in Spring Gardens, and was bought by Sir William Elford (an old friend of Sir Joshua's) and Mr. Tingecombe, bankers of Plymouth, for 630*l.* This was, perhaps, the most triumphant moment of Haydon's chequered life.

To our apprehension, the two mothers are the least agreeable and effective part of the picture. The Solomon is very fine; and though the action is the same as that of Nicholas Poussin's king, in his picture of the same subject, yet the coincidence, Haydon solemnly declares, was accidental,—he had neither seen Poussin's picture, nor any print from it.

The figure of the executioner is vigorously drawn and coloured, though the action has some characteristic exaggeration, and the dead child in the foreground is painfully true. There is strong character and fine painting in the heads of the rabbis to the left of the king. The other group of bystanders is less satisfactory—for all it includes studies from Haydon's famous black model and the beautiful gipsy girl.

We have called Hilton—here represented by his "*Ganymede*"

(230) and "Venus disarming Cupid" (231)—one of the martyrs of high art. But he, unlike Haydon, was a gentle and uncomplaining martyr. His love of abstract or ideal form was too strong to be resisted, and he continued all his life faithful to a class of art for which there had ceased to be a market. Had it not been for some small private fortune, and his income as keeper of the Academy, he could not have lived. There is another and a larger picture of his in the Hertford Gallery. It is a mythological composition—"Venus Bathing" (39), with the usual accompaniment of nymphs, nude or semi-nude—not a thing to awaken a thought, we should suppose, or create a feeling, in any mortal man or woman now-a-days. There was often, however, a sweet sentiment of the beautiful about Hilton's work, which lifts it into that higher region in which subject and style are indifferent. But we cannot find this quality in any work of his here exhibited. Lord Monteagle has an unfinished sketch of a water-nymph, surrounded by a rainbow, of which the sad and suggestive beauty made a profound impression upon the writer of this, when he saw it at the painter's sale, after his death. He would have been glad, for Hilton's sake, to have seen that sketch—unfinished as it is—on these walls.

Hilton had not strength either as a thinker or a painter to stir the public into sympathy with his mythological or his biblical subjects. His conception, at best, rose to the graceful. There is always reflected in his works the amiability and inoffensiveness, as well as the lack of strength, which marked the man. His most important work is the "Crucifixion" in the Exchange at Liverpool. There are good parts in that picture. But, as a whole, the principal impression it leaves upon one is of the painter's insufficiency for his great theme.

The art that can grapple with such subjects was nurtured under conditions and circumstances altogether different from those that surround the painter now-a-days. It is one wholesome symptom in our existing English school, that the mythological is left without a single representative whose works rise even to mediocrity.

Etty lifted himself above the level of public indifference, at which Hilton was left to languish, by propitiating the British feeling for colour. Had he been courageous enough to have abided by huge canvases, and abstract idealisms—such as his

"Combat" (360)—he would never have left a fortune behind him. He began his career with the same settled dogged determination to succeed in his art, which he had shown in sticking to the distasteful business of a compositor during his seven years' apprenticeship in Hull. But even his determination would not have carried him on against the rejection of his pictures from Academy exhibitions, during his early struggles between 1809 and 1811, and the return of his works on his hands unsold for many a year afterwards. It was not till 1820, when the painter was 33, that the "Coral Finders," exhibited at the Academy, began to draw attention to the name of Etty, and was sold to a pianoforte maker, Mr. Tomkinson, for the modest price of 30*l*. The same picture when sold at Christie's, in 1849, fetched 370 guineas. His second triumph came next year in the "Cleopatra," that gorgeous piece of colour (249) now adorning our walls. It was a commission from Sir Francis Freeling, and the price received for it was under 200*l*. Mr. Farrer, who bought it at Sir Francis's sale, vowed it should not leave his hands for less than a 1000*l*.; and its present proprietor, we believe, paid that price for it. It is to Etty's second visit to Italy in 1822, and above all to his seven months' hard study in Venice in 1823, that we may attribute the great determining influence to colour which ever afterwards guided him in his work. His first attempts had been remarkable for blackness and heaviness of colour; and fine as the "Cleopatra" is, a certain tendency to this is observable in the distance even of this luscious picture. Etty became an associate in 1824, and an Academician in 1828. He was then 41. In the year after his admission to the former honour, he painted his first large work—"The Combat—Woman interceding for the Vanquished" (360). Had Etty always painted such pictures as this grand Academic composition, he would have starved. It hung unsold all the season in which it was exhibited, and at the close of the exhibition was bought by a brother artist—John Martin—for 300*l*. It was Etty's fate to be appreciated, in his noblest efforts, by artists only. Sir Thomas Lawrence bought his "Pandora," and the Edinburgh artists his Judith series and his "Benaiah." The prices he obtained for these large works were utterly unremunerative. For the three large subjects from Judith, for example,



only 500*l.* was paid in all. A single picture from the series has since been insured at 2000*l.*

His diploma picture hangs here, "The Sleeping Nymph and Satyrs" (240), a glowing piece of colour, in which the impress of his Venetian studies is apparent. Etty at least has not presented a second-rate specimen of his work to the Academy. "The Storm" (273), painted in 1830, and now the property of the Manchester Institution, was a favourite work of the painter's, produced to illustrate what might be done to attain harmony by neutral tints. To us the effect of the picture is sorely marred by the sense of unreality. In such a sea that cockle-shell boat could not live an instant, nor could the group keep their place on board her, even if the boat could live. The largest work of Etty's here is the "Sirens" (263). And let us feel as we may the repulsiveness of its charnel-house of a foreground, there is a grand and noble largeness in the work, though we cannot but think the colour of the Sirens themselves less glowing and true to nature than that in the nude of many of his smaller works here—the "Homeric Dance" (281) for example.

The "Sirens" was exhibited in 1837, with the "Dalilah," and both came back unsold to the painter's studio. Both were bought the same year by Daniel Grant, of Springfield. The story of the purchase is curious. Etty was dining with Mr. Grant. They had spent the morning at some races in the neighbourhood. Over their wine the unsold pictures of the year were mentioned, and Daniel Grant, who had put 300*l.* into his pocket that morning to risk in the betting ring, of which sum he had only lost 25*l.*, threw down 200*l.* in notes on the table, as an offer for the two pictures. It should be said that the painter had affixed the price of 300*l.* on the "Sirens" alone. The 200*l.* was refused, and the addition of 50*l.* failed to seduce the painter at the moment. But he repented—and when, before parting, his host renewed the offer of 250*l.*, Etty gave way, and the pictures became Daniel Grant's; and were, in 1839, presented to our Royal Institution by the munificence of his brother. In "The Storm" and the "Sirens," Manchester may boast the possession of two of Etty's finest works.

We prefer to pass in silence over the other two large works

of Etty's latest time here exhibited—the "Joan of Arc at the Stake," and the "St. John." In his picture of "Cupids bivouacking" (226), the colour has a good deal too much the character of palette scraping.

Etty's fortune was acquired by small works painted for the dealers, for whom he liked best to work. They and the artists had been the first to discover his merits, and he was grateful for it. Etty is certainly the first colourist of the English School. Some of his pictures are poems by dint of this one quality of colour. In a country giving greater opportunities to noble art of the ideal kind Etty would have found worthier employment for his great powers. As it was, he could only live by luscious little bits of colour, and attractive nudities. This is to be deplored, for Etty was capable of far higher achievements. He was pure, and gentle, and affectionate in his life, and his devotion to colour was, free from any leaven of sensuality.

Newton, that spoiled child of aristocratic favour and rapid popularity, whose career of so much promise was prematurely closed by insanity, is here represented but indifferently by his diploma picture, "The Student" (276), a single head, well drawn and gracefully coloured, the "Dutch Girl" (236), a graceful North-Hollander at a window, "Shylock and Jessica" (285), his best work here, and "The Casket Scene from 'Gil Blas'" (291), contributed by the Duke of Bedford. There is but little character in the picture; but it shows a nice feeling for colour, with an air of breeding in the cavaliers which Newton always gave his men; while the senoras and senoritas have that somewhat affected grace which is peculiar to this painter. It is to be wished he had been represented here by "The Macheath" or "The Vicar of Wakefield," from the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

There is much vigour in Phillips's half-length of Lord Thurlow (99), looking wiser than any man ever was, which, together with the heads of Byron, Crabbe, Coleridge, and Southey, by the same master, in the British Portrait Gallery, justify the high reputation of the painter, for the expression of intellectual character, and for solid good painting.

There is one work of Richard Parkes Bonington here, "A Turk enjoying a Siesta" (283), so rich and gem-like in colour, and so

fine in *chiaroscuro*, that many will wonder, as they refer to the catalogue, to find an unknown name. Nine out of ten will ask, who was Bonington? He was the son of a Nottinghamshire drawing master,—who received his education in art at Paris; who, in a short life, tried all styles of art, except the heroic, and succeeded rapidly and conspicuously in all; who dreamed of founding a modern school which “should unite the fidelity of the Dutch, the vigour of the Venetians, the science of the Romans, and the sense of the English;” and who died in London, in 1828, at the age of 27, of decline, following brain-fever brought on by over-work. His pictures, principally coast or river scenes, or studies of Venetian architecture, fetch high prices in Paris, but here they are rare. Considering the singular promise of the painter and the rarity of his works in this country, we are fortunate in having secured for our Exhibition this small but fine example, which belonged to the late Mr. Samuel Rogers.

The Scotch Historical School is represented in the Exhibition by Duncan’s “Entry of the Pretender into Edinburgh” (301); and Sir W. Allan’s “Death of the Regent Murray” (414). Both these works show the mannerism, as well as the merits, of their school, which had its root in Wilkie, and, like most schools arising out of one man’s practice, has been betrayed into the adoption of an unpleasant peculiarity of its “Magnus Apollo.” Allan was a contemporary, and not a pupil, of Wilkie’s; but we fear it is to the influence of the latter that we must refer a certain all-pervading snuffy colour, and a peculiar and not agreeable type of face, especially observable in the women of this school. Both the predominant brown colour, and this peculiar face, may be traced through both of these large and crowded compositions. They are good examples of that peculiar relish for the picturesque in costume which belongs to the school, and have considerable character and animation. But they smack too strongly of the *tableau vivant* to make much impression upon us.

As Sir W. Allan’s picture has taken us into the second vestibule, let us stay there to examine the works of Henry Liverseege and John Martin, and Haydon’s “Mock Election.” These works disposed of, we shall have done with the dead.

The pictures of Liverseege should have a peculiar interest for



the visitor to this Exhibition. This painter is one of the few Manchester-born artists. He was born among us, in 1803, and died in 1832. His love of art showed itself during his sad and sickly childhood, like a flower peeping from under snow. He had a harsh father, and he was slightly deformed. A good uncle made up to him the want of a father's affection. When or how he learned to paint, we know not. His earliest efforts were for bread; he painted portraits—signs, perhaps. It was not till 1827 that he began to attempt that class of subject by which he was destined to acquire a name. His first performances in this kind were three small pictures of brigands sent to the Manchester exhibition that year. But his earliest success was with his "Adam Woodcock," the study for which is in our water colour gallery. The picture was purchased by Lord Wilton, and opened the painter's way to fame beyond Manchester. It was followed by his "Isabella and the Black Dwarf;" and after that, between 1828 and 1830, the young painter visited London for the first time, to study in the British Museum and at the British Institution. By his accidental omission to send in testimonials to personal character with his probationary drawing, he was refused admission as a student to the Royal Academy. He returned to Manchester, deeply mortified. In 1831 he was again in London, and exhibited with marked success both at the Royal Academy and the British Institution. All the working time of this painter is summed in the short interval between 1827 and the end of 1831. The "Cobbett's Register" (413) was one of four pictures exhibited at the Manchester Institution in the latter year. In this year, too, he painted "The Recruit" (423), "The Inquiry" (417), was an earlier work. In connection with his "Christopher Sly and the Hostess" (419), Allan Cunningham has an amusing story. Liverseege was always anxious to find characteristic models. He had some trouble in discovering a suitable head for the drunken tinker of the 'Induction to the Taming of the Shrew.' At length he found a cobbler, who, he thought, would suit when well primed with liquor; and set him in his studio in the proper attitude, with a bottle of gin beside him, and permission to drink whenever he pleased. The bottle of gin was soon emptied, but the cobbler continued as sober as a judge. Another bottle was brought

and emptied, with no better result. "Be off," cried Liverseege, at last, in a passion, "it will cost more to make you drunk than the picture will fetch." The pictures of his exhibited here show the facility and breadth which marked this promising painter's style, and there is strong character in both the wiseacre head of the political cobbler poring over Cobbett's Register, in the perplexed sheepish ruefulness of the recruit, and the rollicking swagger of Sergeant Kite, while the end of the soldier's life is happily indicated by the crippled old warrior and his decrepit wife in the background. Thoroughly felt, too, and honestly expressed, is the contrast between the timidity of the errand boy with the game, and the full-fed pomposity of the proud porter in "The Inquiry."

There is something affecting in the contrast between the outward circumstances and early life of Liverseege and the subjects in which his genius sought expression. There was so evidently a heart-hunger for the picturesque and the romantic burning in the poor, sickly, hardly-used Manchester lad, shut in by the grim realities of humble life in this stern, unpicturesque, and unromantic town. To this, perhaps, we may ascribe Liverseege's disproportioned devotion of his brush to subjects out of plays and romances; an unfortunate choice, for it lowers the painter from a creator to an embodier of another man's creations—and a difficult task, for in the course of it the painter must run his embodiment of the writer's conceptions against that of everyone acquainted with the book who sees the picture.

We can only look on Liverseege as one struck down on the threshold of his artistic life. We can but speculate on what he might have done, from what he has left. It is clear, to our thinking, that he would not have continued to resort so much to books for subjects. The relish for character, so apparent in some of his pictures, would have found food in subjects of contemporary life, and we might have had in Liverseege an English Wilkie.

Of John Martin, here represented by his "Fall of Babylon," (422) what need to say much? His works—thanks to his own engravings of them—are known far and wide. He has been called the inventor of the material-sublime in painting. He seems to have been possessed of a singular feeling for space and

vastness—whether expressed in buildings by the heaping of terrace upon terrace, or the drawing out of an infinite succession of pillared arcades—or in nature by such a sweep of plain as a preternatural eye might take in from the height of an alp, with multitudinous lines of forest, or immeasurable recession of rocky side-scenes. No wonder that these strange works—more like the oppressive infinities of dreams than the inventions of a waking painter—startled and perplexed the public on their first appearance. People were puzzled what to think of them—whether as the grandest things that ever were conceived by a human imagination, or as the mere dreams of a mad architect. They were neither one nor the other, but the outward expression of a very peculiar mind. Martin's pictures are psychological curiosities, and the criticism of them really belongs more to metaphysics than to æsthetics. As we have all in us something of that susceptibility to the impressiveness of mere size and space (best expressible by repetition of parts,) which in Martin pervaded all the operations of the imagination, his inventions will always impress; though, when we have learnt the secret—the recipe—for them, they will be found (if we are not mistaken) to require for their production but little of what is commonly understood by imagination. There is, in fact, only one and the same act of the imagination in all Martin's pictures, and that is the conception—whatever be the particular object he is dealing with, arcade or terrace, forest or mountain—of that object, multiplied an infinite number of times, and exhibited in perspective, under impressive conditions of light and shade. Even blackness he felt, as he did everything else, as the expression of an infinite multiplication of lines. That imitators of Martin have not grown up is due, we imagine, at once to the simplicity of the recipe for such works, which deprives imitations of all value, to the fact that minds possessed by this idea of infinite repetition are rare, and to the circumstance that an effect on the public was not to be produced twice out of the fundamental idea of these pictures. Martin stands alone—a psychological, as we have said, rather than a pictorial phenomenon—a strange hybrid between arithmetician and artist. That his works have certain great qualities of vastness and effect cannot be denied—and they are like nothing else.



Haydon's picture of "The Mock Election" (421) was painted in 1827. It represents an actual scene of burlesque which the painter witnessed while confined in the Queen's Bench Prison during that year. He has left a full account of this picture, reprinted in his autobiography (vol. ii. 182-186.) The characters in the compositions are from life; the picture may readily be understood without explanation. The most interesting groups are the spendthrift fine gentleman on the right, and the good family, in black, followed by the nurse and child, on the left. The picture will repay examination. There is great character in many of the heads, and some good painting, mixed with a great deal that is coarse and slovenly to a degree difficult to explain. The picture was bought by George IV., and is contributed to our Exhibition by her Majesty.

With this picture we close our notices of the works of dead masters, and now come to the living representatives of the English school.

Within the narrow limits at our disposal, it would be out of the question to attempt an elaborate criticism of the works of living masters which fill the northern walls of saloon E, the greater part of the second vestibule, and both walls of saloon F. All we can hope to effect is to define the general style of the painters whose works are here shown, and to direct attention to particular pictures which seem to demand notice either by peculiar merit or unusually distinct exhibition of the characteristics of the master. We do not propose to censure, unless where the subject of censure is of a kind likely to mislead or lower the practice of the art or taste of the public. In the order of doing this, we shall be guided by the subject; considering, at one and the same time, all the painters of history, of *genre*, of portrait, of landscape, of still life, and of animals, respectively.

It is difficult to draw any precise line between historical art and *genre*. The usually received distinction is founded on dignity of subject; but on that point ideas may differ. If, however, we confine the name of historical painting to sacred themes and subjects from the poets, or from history, it is startling to find how scantily this, which has usually been accepted as the highest walk of the painter's art, is represented in our living school.

Sir C. Eastlake, as president of the Academy, has an official claim to priority of notice among our historical painters. His "Christ weeping over Jerusalem" (359) at least rises in subject to the region of the highest expression. Graceful and refined, but incurably mannered in colour, pure, but innately weak in expression, Sir Charles can only reach one of all the varied feelings which we may suppose to have contended in the face of the Saviour and his apostles as he saw Jerusalem and wept over it. He can convey a sort of sorrowing interest in his own way. But here nature has set a bar against him, saying, "No farther." His pictures may please many by their cleanness and prettiness of colour, by their smoothness of flesh and regularity of features. But those who have ever felt manly art will turn away from, what we must be excused for calling, such spoon-meat. This picture, with his "Sketchers" (351), and his large ideal head called "Heloïse" (432), show where the careful and intelligent study of the most vigorous and glorious of old schools of colour—the Venetian—will leave the man who does not bring to the contemplation of those masterpieces an intense and glowing sentiment and a power akin to that of the giants whose secrets of strength he is prying into. Etty studied the Venetian colourists and wrought out works quite unlike theirs, but not unworthy of them. Eastlake studies the same pictures in the same galleries, and produces what we see. Sir Charles is an excellent man, an accomplished antiquary and connoisseur; but he is now, and has been for many years, a feeble painter, though graceful, and always inoffensive, except in so far as weakness breeds offence. His position and pretensions in our official world of art demand expression and recognition of this fact. Sir Charles should be strong, instead of weak, in his profession, for the place he fills and the work he has laid upon him. He is on the decline instead of advancing. His "Pilgrims in Sight of Rome" (330) is the earliest, and, by many degrees, the best of his pictures here.

Weakness is not the sin of Maclise, here represented in both his earlier and later manners. His "Snap-apple Night" (534), shows what he *was*. "His "Macbeth" (522), his "Moses fitting out for the Fair" and his "Moses returning," from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' (579 585), his "Author's Reception by

the Players," from 'Gil Blas' (591), his "Challenge Scene," from 'As You Like It,' and his "Origin of the Irish Harp" (346), show what he is. He is a designer to be spoken of with that respect which invention, profusion, and power ought always to command. He has all of the productive qualities which we can desire in a great man; but in certain of the conceptional, perceptive, and regulative powers which go to the making up of a great painter, he is hopelessly deficient. Nobody can fill a canvas with denser crowds, in more excited attitudes, with more palpable and strongly-marked expression in every face. No painter that ever lived will more fearlessly heap up masses of accessory detail, draperies and dresses, cups and dishes, arms and jewels, furniture and food, crockery and hardware. All these things Mr. Maclise will draw with admirable firmness, and many of them he will imitate with startling truth of texture. He is in earnest, too, after his excited Irish fashion. But yet he fails to touch our Saxon natures, because, where we want intensity, his personages are vehement; where we require concentration and self-repression, they are expansive, gesticulatory, full of parade and attitudinising display. Where we ask for a smile, he gives us a broad grin. Everything with him is in the superlative. And thus, because with Englishmen the most genuine emotion is oftener struggled against than given way to, Mr. Maclise's work appears to us theatrical, when it may be, to his more fervid nature, free from all exaggeration—only up to his level, however immeasurably above our altitudes. This peculiarity is to be lamented, when it stands in the way of our appreciation of unquestionable power. Maclise may be right, some may say, and his critics wrong. Perhaps; but only to the perfervid genius of his race. Saxon sternness, we maintain, is in itself a higher thing than Celtic vehemence. The one is as the pent-up terror of the earthquake; the other like the bubbling over of an Iceland geyser, flinging up only hot water and mud; whereas the more central and fettered power—when it does break loose—freed itself in fire. And then, as a colourist, Mr. Maclise has fatal deficiencies, for which no plea of nationality can be raised. The colour in his later pictures is nothing short of detestable. We have no words to describe its badness, for instance, in every part of the two pictures from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' except



in such things as the deal dresser, or the sirloin of beef. In the challenge scene from 'As You Like It' (612), the colour is, if possible, still worse. Now a man may use neutral, or dead, or dim colour, and be only negatively disagreeable, may rather lose effect than provoke offence; but Mr. Maclise's colour is of the strongest and most positive kind. It is thrust upon your eye: there is no escape from it. There must be, we presume, some physical peculiarity in the painter to account for this. We only appeal to all who have eyes, and can feel colour, whether our complaint is not well founded.

Of the defects of a less man than Mr. Maclise it would be superfluous to speak so strongly. But it is necessary, in the case of one who stands so high in our school, and whose power of design is so far beyond question, to point out strongly faults which may otherwise be thought beauties worthy of praise or imitation. Again, could we sympathise with his delineation of character and mode of telling a story, his faults of colour would impress us less. But his over-strained expression and violent attitudinising unite to render his crude, unharmonious, and untrue colour even more intolerable.

There has been much variety of opinion as to Mr. Maclise's conception of the ghost in his "Macbeth." We feel of this, as of the ghost on the stage, that there is no tenable medium between an apparition of Banquo, like the man as he lay murdered, or vacant space which we know to be peopled only by the terror of Macbeth. The shadow seems effective and imposing at first glance, but it cannot hold its ground, to our thinking, against a very short consideration of the subject and the picture.

In the "Snap-apple Night" we see Mr. Maclise in an earlier and better manner. We are very glad indeed, for his sake, that this work of his less violent days is hung here. It seems, however, to deprive the painter of any excuse for exaggeration which may be founded on his nationality. For here, in the very whirl and whoop of an Irish merrymaking, there is no excessive vehemence of attitude, no violently-strained expression of face, nothing that we cannot accept as natural and probable, with quite as much beauty as heart can wish, and among it none of that grinning, red-cheeked, white-toothed, meretricious kind, which is paraded

far too much in the painter's later works. And, strange to say, the "Snap-apple Night" is almost as free from the faults of colour seen in Mr. Maclise's later works as it is from their faults of character and expression. This leads us to fear that the painter has been misled less by physical peculiarities of vision than by vicious theory. We fear his most fatal enemy has been injudicious and indiscriminating praise, from persons who, without any sentiment for art, have found themselves in a position where they were called upon professionally to criticise pictures. Yielding to a natural and creditable admiration of Mr. Maclise's undeniable power, they have not felt any misgiving about his greatness as a painter, and have never hinted that he was going wrong. How much this is to be deplored, neither Mr. Maclise nor his critics can ever know in this generation.

Mr. E. M. Ward is here represented by one of his most vigorous later works, the "Charlotte Corday" (464), and by the most pathetic picture he has ever painted, his "Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in the Temple" (597). In expression and power of telling a story, Mr. Ward is one of our most satisfactory painters. He has a disagreeable tendency to blackness in his shadows, apparent in the "Charlotte Corday," but from this technical defect his smaller picture here is comparatively free. There are in painting few more affecting figures than this worn wan Queen. How true is that tender nervous glance she casts at the more phlegmatic husband, who, in the midst of misery and peril, can, at least, sleep. If the "Charlotte Corday" has less that appeals to the imagination, we must ascribe it to the subject. There is a fine expression of defiant courage in the shorn head of the heroine; and the keen bilious trimly-dressed Robespierre is contrasted with excellent effect against the brutal Danton and the hard Desmoulins. Mr. Ward has something eminently manly in his conception and execution, and comes nearer the standard of a genuine English historical painter than any other man of the day, except Cope, who is not quite so well represented in this collection as we could have liked to see him.

His early work "Interior of an Italian Osteria" (316), which dates back almost from his student years, before the days of cartoon and fresco and Westminster Hall competition, has

both character, humour, and good painting. Yet few would presage from it anything like what Mr. Cope has done since. So true it is that great occasions and noble subjects uplift men, who have in them strength equal to the glorious burdens which such occasions and works lay upon them. The "Lear and Cordelia" (567), painted in 1850, is not a fine example of the painter's higher efforts, though it has that genuine sentiment and grave dignity of character which are rarely wanting in Cope's pictures. His triple picture, representing the imprisonment and martyrdom of Lawrence Saunders (560), is in every respect a finer work. The first compartment shows us the martyr's wife, pale, but placid and resigned—knocking at his prison door with her infant in her arms. In the centre compartment we are admitted to the martyr in his cell. His wife has not been allowed access to him; but the rough warden, unable to resist the voice of nature, has brought in his little child, and the martyr is taking a last kiss of the infant. In the third compartment we follow his intrepid march to the stake, with the attendants, halberdiers, and two ruthless Capuchins,—heads equally admirable in conception and in painting. This touching history is treated throughout on the very opposite principle from Mr. Maclise's. Our tribute of sympathy is freely and fully paid, because there is no dunning us for it. While the sentiment is faithfully and sympathetically rendered, it is chastened by a restraining self-respect, which was in the painter, and has been transferred by him to his personages. To unite respect with sympathy is the triumph in a work of this class, because it demands in the artist strength as well as sensibility. Mr. Cope, of late, has been almost as much a painter of domestic *genre*, as of history. "The Firstborn" (558) is a beautiful work of this class, full of sweet parental feeling; "Baby's Turn" (368) is another pretty example in the same style. Both, however, are observably marked by a certain technical peculiarity, in the use of pure white, stippled in and over all the lights—producing a "blanketty" texture which is not agreeable.

Mr. Herbert is not adequately represented here, in his character of a painter of high and serious aims. The "St. John the Baptist reproving Herod" (hung in the orchestra gallery, 625), is a



small repetition of a larger work; and his picture of "Lear and his Daughters" (329), is a study for his fresco in the new Houses of Parliament. The "Boy Daniel" (468) is rather bright than fine in colour, but vigorously drawn. His portrait of Horace Vernet (525) is hard and cold, but well drawn and characteristic. Perhaps the small picture of "The Outcast" (318) is as impressive as anything here shown of this master. His "Brides of Venice" (333) is not a picture of elevated intention, but a picturesque and highly effective representation of powerful melodramatic incident.

Mr. Dyce has refinement and careful drawing; but in his visions imitative of the masters of the fifteenth century he becomes intolerably hard and dry. These merits and defects appear in his "Jacob and Rachel" (341), and in his "Virgin and Child" (623). And then, after all, this is the nineteenth century, and not the fifteenth.

We cannot honestly express much admiration for either of the works of Mr. R. Pickersgill, "The Death of Foscari" (460), and the "Flight of Pagan Deities" (496). Yet these pictures have all the workmanlike qualities. They are well drawn, well coloured according to rule, and with genuine feeling for colour besides; the story in them is intelligibly told; they do not sin against any accepted law of grouping, or composition; still they do not reach the heart or the mind. Is the fault in the critic or the painter? In the critic's opinion, the fact is attributable to the predominance in these pictures of the educated artist over the thinking and feeling man. There is too much of academy lectures, and costume, and models at eighteen pence an hour, and Italian travels, and reminiscences of Venetian masters. All these go to the making of a painter; but they must all be steeped, and fused, and transfused in his individual heart and brain, and result in something of more marked individuality than the critic can find in these pictures.

What shall we say of Charles Landseer? Is this history—this "Sacking of a Jew's house" (545)—this "Sacking of Basing House" (465)? And why two "Sackings" in one Exhibition? Is this not rather playing at historical painting—painting of *tableaux vivants*? And yet, if a man without imagi-

nation will set himself to work that requires imagination, what better can come of it than this? Charles Landseer, most excellent and amiable of men, and gifted with no small power of painting what is before him, has not the imaginative gift, and has no business to be attempting such work as here appears under his name. The English school is in danger of being drawn down into the limbo of costume painting, in the depths of which lie such works as this of Charles Landseer's. And it is important that everybody who feels that truth, and vitality, and genuineness are things worth striving for, should uplift his voice against this paltry, pretentious, lay-figure school of art.

Of Mr. Dobson what is to be said worse, or better, than that he is a weaker Eastlake—weaker inevitably, because he is an imitator? To aspire to be the Carlo Dolce of the nineteenth century is surely an unworthy ambition.

Of Mr. Hart we have nothing to say that is likely to please his admirers; nor is there anything in what we conceive to be his faults to point any remark of general application.

Of such pictures as that by Mr. Eddis of "Moses consigned to the Nile" (442), which challenges criticism by its size and situation, we can only say that we do not care how soon the picture follows the fate of Moses. Commonplace has no right to so much elbow-room as is afforded by canvases of these huge dimensions. Mr. Eddis's portrait of Mr. Loyd (511) is meritorious for its carefulness, but it is hardened wax instead of flesh and blood.

Mr. Leighton's "Procession of Cimabue" (74) is the most remarkable first picture painted in our time. It excites high hope of the artist, but justifies considerable fear. There is so much that is self-assured in the drawing and colour, so much, above all, of mannerism in the heads, that one is led to fear that this hand will not easily modify its present cunning, or this eye unlearn its dangerous habit of seeing one face only in all men and women. There is nothing so fatal for a young painter as to become possessed by such an all-pervading ideal. Mr. Leighton might usefully be put for some years on a regimen of flat noses and hatchet-jaws, to counteract his tendency to make all his profiles nobly aquiline, and to round off all his cheeks into the

perfect oval. Still there is so much of youthful vigour, of bright colour, of easy action, and felicitous grouping, in this picture, that it is cruel to fasten on any indications it may show of dangerous tendencies in the painter, rather than on its abundant evidence of great natural power, and well directed and laborious study. What we conceive to be marks of these tendencies have been pointed out in a spirit of kindly interest; because, if there be good ground for our remarks, Mr. Leighton has time before him to take them into consideration, should they ever come under his eye.

Of Mr. Frost's studies of nymphs of water or wood we wish to say nothing unkind, but can say nothing cordially in praise. There may be a phase of appreciation in the course of a man's gradual acquisition of the love of art, in which such things please. It has long passed for us. Only such a sentiment of colour as Etty had can redeem such work from insipidity.

Before passing to that large class of works which can only be generally arranged under the head of *genre*, and into which all the imaginative art of this country seems in progress of being absorbed, we would give a brief separate consideration to one section of our modern painters who, if by the general nature of their subjects they seem properly to belong to this second class, yet by the evident seriousness of their aims, and in some cases by the choice of subjects, have a right to be placed among our historical painters. These are the body of young men who are classed under the name "pre-Raphaelites." This title we believe was not given them in scorn, but was of their own choosing, and has been adopted for a sufficiently intelligible reason. What they themselves meant it to imply was the resort to nature instead of academic rule, the painting of things as they appear to the painter instead of in the way in which pictorial conventions have settled that they ought to be, the determined assertion of truth in representation. This was the effort of the painters of the fifteenth century, and the good results of such singleness of purpose and genuineness of work showed themselves, in Raphael himself, as in a crowning example. But from his time the influence of the Academy invaded, and by slow degrees superseded, the influence of nature. Art was no longer satisfied to speak the truth, and leave the truth to work. It must aim at



display of skill, at the giving of pleasure. The result was, that it gradually lost all skill, and ceased to give any pleasure to healthy minds.

It must be borne in mind that the pre-Raphaelite school was composed of young men prompt in defiance and inclined to self-assertion—that they are learners—and that by their very fundamental principle they recognise that all pupilage in art must be long and laborious. For he who takes nature as his master condemns himself to a life-long schooling. But let even those who dislike the results hitherto attained by the efforts of this young school, admit that its aim is worthy of all respect.

It should also be understood that in their choice of a name these young men did not mean to assert any intention of representing things as the painters before Raphael represented them, still less of confining themselves to those ecclesiastical and devotional subjects on which art before Raphael was mainly employed. The very reverse is the case, as any unprejudiced person may satisfy himself by comparing the pre-Raphaelite works of Millais, Hunt, F. M. Brown, Lear, Collins, Martineau, and Windus, in the English gallery, with the pictures of the Italian painters who preceded Raphael. It is clear besides that of all our young painters the pre-Raphaelites, on the whole, have shown the greatest disposition to the grave treatment of contemporary subjects.

Criticism, artistic or unartistic, may deal with these men and their works as scornfully and spitefully as it will. It is, nevertheless, a fact beyond dispute, that besides drawing into their ranks the most distinguished of the rising painters, this school has decided the tendency of all the art of the day,—by which, we mean, the painting of all who are not too settled in practice to acquire any new habit,—men alike past learning or unlearning.

Mr. Millais is popularly the representative of this school. But he is not so well represented here as Mr. Hunt. "Autumn Leaves" (543) is the only example of Millais in our Exhibition. His most successful works—"The Huguenots" and "The Order of Release"—were not procurable. The "Autumn Leaves" is a grand piece of solemn colour, unexceptionable in the limpid serenity of its horizon and the purple grandeur of its evening hills, but open to the charge of combining with this subdued and

low evening light a scale of colour—especially in the green of the grass and in the red of the foreground figures—which, under such an aspect of the sky, would be impossible. This is a great drawback from the merit of the work, but we do not see how the objection is to be evaded or met.

Mr. Hunt appears here as the real coryphæus of the school. His “Claudio and Isabella,” (565) from Shakspeare’s ‘Measure for Measure’—to speak our own mind of it—is far and away the most impressive work (the greatest, we mean, in that quality which takes most hold on the mind,—Expression) in the whole of this English Gallery. The artist has chosen the moment when the first doubt of Claudio’s courage grows up in his sister’s brain. You can see the slow flush of scorn still striving with doubt in her eyes, and in every lineament of her noble face, as she puts her hand on his heart, as if at once to give him some of her own courage, and to assure herself against her growing conviction that her brother is a dastard. Only a sister could doubt that. His cowering frame, haggard face, staring eye, and parched lip, tell all but her that the fear of death in him will prove itself stronger than the reverence for her honour. We would earnestly beg of any visitor to this Exhibition who has been used to hear the pre-Raphaelites ridiculed, to give some minutes’ quiet attention to this picture,—to read it awhile, and then say if it does not speak its meaning marvellously and touchingly, through the painter’s embodiment of the poet’s thought. When a painter can so interpret a poet, our objection to subjects from play or poem vanishes at once. He justifies his choice of subject by making us so feel what the poet’s conception was meant to convey.

Mr. Hunt’s scene from “The Two Gentlemen of Verona” (570), though a far more marvellous work in colour, and a much more difficult achievement in all technical respects than the “Claudio and Isabella,” contains no such perfect example of expression as that face of Isabella’s. But most touching and most lovely is the Julia, who leans against the tree, unwilling witness of the degradation of the man she loves, as he cowers conscience-stricken under the scornful eye of Valentine. You see sympathy with him struggling with womanly satisfaction that henceforth she can have no rival in Silvia. And with this there is

the eager desire to reveal herself, and the half enjoyment that she should have been by to witness the discomfiture of her faithless lover, and through all, is love surviving even wrong. Most persons, when they first come upon this picture, with eyes accustomed to the conventional scale of under-colouring all about them, will be inclined to protest against it as garish and overpowering. Let them wait awhile, and then contemplate the picture from some little distance. They will find, in a very short time, that the eye will recognise a brightness not beyond that properly belonging to such materials and objects as the painter has represented. When these are seen under full southern sunlight, even the light reflected from the crimson velvet mantle of Julia upon her chin and cap are perfectly to be accounted for under the circumstances. The drawing of the background is as admirable, in the way of landscape, as is that of the figures in respect of action and expression.

"The Hireling Shepherd" of the same painter (424 in vestibule 2) is not, we firmly believe, equalled, for truth as a rural English landscape, by any work in this gallery. The figures here may be too clownish for many tastes; but such rusticity is surely a thousand times better than the Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy prettiness of the rustic figures which most of our painters put into their pictures of country life. Here, too, in defiance of conventionality, the painter has represented healthy ruddy skin under sunlight, and will be charged with exaggeration for doing so. And we are quite ready to claim the same merit of truth for the "Strayed Sheep" (488), in which we would point out for special admiration the shadows of the trees thrown from the hanging wood upon the undercliff, and the glorious colour of the distant sea, with its purple cloud shadows.

Mr. Lear is a landscape painter, who, after having attained facility and success abroad, in conventional ways of representation, has gone to school again to nature, and has not shrunk before the ridicule so freely flung upon pre-Raphaelite works and ways. His picture of "Syracuse" (590), seen from the celebrated quarries, is a piece of as conscientious painting of fact as is to be found in this gallery, from the foreground, with its marks of old excavation, its weather stains, its sagacious-looking jack-daws, and the bright orange and blue orioles that flit about its rock-rooted fig-tree, to



the level green plain and fortress-city rising out of the purple sea. Better such a truthful transcript of the facts of the scene than all the compositions that can be bred of a life's study of Claude and Poussin.

Mr. Collins, in his "Convent Thoughts" (325), without the skill of Mr. Millais or Mr. Hunt, has exhibited a commendable diligence in his painting of the flowers and central figure, though the latter appears deficient in form under the robes, and the head seems too large for the rest of the figure.

Mr. F. M. Brown has two pictures, "Christ washing Peter's Feet" (554), and a small sketch of a "Hayfield." The former is a work meriting the utmost respect, and painted with downright honesty of purpose. There is a grand humility in the head of the Saviour, and a sense of shame in that of Peter, who seems to protest against the lowly service rendered by his master. When one thinks of the Wests and other conventional painters of such subjects of the last generation, or indeed of any representation of such subjects since they were painted with the enthusiastic faith and simplicity of the 15th century, we are made sensible of the great gain to the arts of such knowledge, honesty, and sincerity as are shown in this picture. However disagreeable, in some respects, the composition may be—from the manner in which the table with the Apostles is raised on the canvass, we cannot but feel that this is the work of a man thoroughly in earnest. We are unable to explain the strong reflected red in the interior of the copper basin. The "Hayfield" (319) is a little sketch of a familiar summer-evening effect; and the artist has thoroughly caught the sweet sentiment of the delicious time just as the fragrant breath of the hay arises under the broad light of the full July moon.

Mr. Martineau, in his "Kit's Writing Lesson," shows himself a close and diligent student of nature. The expressions both of Kit, toiling, tongue in cheek, over his blurred copy-book, and of Little Nell, who, with intense interest, follows every motion of Kit's clumsy hand, are excellent. The picture is not pleasant in composition, and has considerable crudeness of colour, but mastery over these difficulties will come in due time.

Two of the most remarkable pictures of this school here, are

Mr. Hunt's "Awakened Conscience" (550), and Mr. Windus's "Burd Helen."

Mr. Hunt's picture represents a scene in the life of one of those unhappy women whose beauty is their destruction. The room is gaudily furnished; the gloss of newness upon everything. No trace of the sanctity of home, but all bright, and glittering, and flimsy, like the outward lot of the unhappy mistress for whom the place has been furnished. The inmate of this showy dwelling has come down in her morning dress, and has been playing on the pianoforte the pathetic air "Oft in the still night." The song has awakened home memories of no joyous kind in the poor girl's mind, for she wears a mourning ring upon her finger, telling of friends or relatives lately lost. While her heart is still softened by such sad thoughts, her protector has come in; light-hearted and reckless, he has flung himself down to the piano, and is rattling off upon the keys, as if in mockery, the sad song she had been singing as he came in. The bitter contrast between the words and the spirit of the singer, jars upon the chords which her own music had set vibrating in her heart, and conscience has flashed its lurid light on the heart of the erring girl. In sharp sudden agony she turns her face from her thoughtless betrayer, with brimming eyes and set teeth, and is wringing her hands in the bitterness engendered by that song so sung. The cat toying with the bird under the table is an emblem of her fate in the hands of her destroyer. It is a pathetic picture, and as we read its moral, it tells us that no heart is so seared but that conscience can kindle in it the sense of sin, and so, by God's grace, arouse the desire of repentance. Some have objected to the subject. Is the painter, then, to touch no rampant sin, because of its very blackness? Mr. Hunt holds a different creed, and we entirely agree with him. If he shows us one of those abysses which yawn so fearfully under the hollow crust of our civilisation, he indicates the means of escape from it in the resolution which the awakened conscience may prompt in the sinner. We honour him for the courage which inspired him to paint this painful but in no sense despairing picture. Would there were more of his brethren to preach to us from their canvases sermons as pertinent and as much required!

Mr. Windus, in his "Burd Helen" has chosen that moment in the sweet sad old ballad where the poor loving girl, following her hard and scornful lover in the disguise of a page, comes with bruised and bleeding feet to the "wan water," over which he shows no intention of helping her. The war-horse steps into the stream, and she must pass it as best she may, sink or swim. You see behind them the rough and stony moorland track they have traversed; her attitude bespeaks exhaustion; the rider's look is hard and unfeeling. The ripple widens its circles as the horse's hoof stirs the water, and the grey clouds float up from the horizon, telling us that evening is drawing nigh. The picture is delicately and truthfully painted, and is luckily hung where its many beauties can be appreciated.

Mr. Gale, too, from the careful detail and highly-wrought finish of his pictures ought, perhaps to be classed among the pre-Raphaelites. His "Guiderius and Arviragus over the body of Imogene" (396), is hung too high for appreciation of its elaborate painting. A small figure of a "Chanting Angel" (381), hung where it can be seen, is beautiful in sentiment and colour.

These works, with that of Mr. Hughes hereinafter noticed, include all examples of the pre-Raphaelites, strictly so called.

And now to turn to our more prosaic painters of *genre*. Among them the first place, by virtue alike of standing and skill, should be shared between Mulready, Leslie, and Webster.

Of the first painter we are lucky enough to have here nine excellent works, showing most of his various excellences. "The Barber's Shop" (347) is the earliest. It is darker in colour than Mr. Mulready's later pictures, but just as full of character, and it is free from a certain mannerism which besets even this admirable painter. Nothing can be truer in its air of foppish importance than the face and action of the village hairdresser, who is thinning the mop of that very ugly son of an uglier mother; while she, worthy soul, is contemplating her loutish darling with a look of perfect maternal satisfaction. Hogarth never painted anything of more genuine humour, in its way, than this group. The "Forgotten Word" (355) represents a puzzled schoolboy trying to say his lesson off by heart, and failing egregiously in the attempt. Not one, but many forgotten words, are indicated by



that perplexed face and attitude. "The Playground" (358) ought to have had its original name, "The Dog of Two Minds." A young bully is trying to hound his dog at a playmate's heels. The poor brute is whimpering distracted between the sense of what he will get if he does not do his master's bidding, and of what is in store for him if he does it; for the other young gentleman has a strap ready. Stripes are the unlucky dog's lot either way, and he seems unable to calculate which are likely to be the heaviest. "The Wolf and the Lamb" (361)—one of her Majesty's contributions to the Exhibition—is so well known from the admirable engraving that we need not waste time in describing that perfect expression of unprovoked outrage and helpless non-resistance. Every member of the peace-at-any-price party ought to study this picture, which might stand for a transparent allegory of the position of more than one part of the European state system. "Train up a Child in the Way he should go" (356)—an English child encouraged by his elder sisters to give a penny to a group of crouching Lascar beggars—is particularly admirable as an example of this painter's rare power of colour, as well as for the sound and kindly moral it inculcates, that charity should not end, where it begins, at home, but should do its work irrespective of caste and colour. The "Travelling Druggist" (363), a rhubarb merchant, arriving just in the nick of time at a cottage door, where a sick boy, much against his will, is being prepared for a dose of this drug by an anxious mother, has more of the earlier Mulready mannerism of colour. It is slightly "rhubarby" in tone—all the better, perhaps, for the medicinal nature of the subject. "Burchell and Sophia" (362), and "The Bathers" (357), are in his later and more pearly key of colour. Note in the former the sweetness of the summer landscape, with the fresh mown hay-field and delicious sky, and, in the latter, the exquisite modelling, and delicately graduated colour of the principal figure, one of those consummate studies of the nude from which Mr. Frost would do well to take a lesson, so chaste is it, so free from all offensive suggestiveness. Here, too, the landscape is full of beauty, and the figures in the middle distance—a group alarmed in their *al fresco* bath by the approach of a troop of gipsies—are worthy of the exquisite foreground figure, who sits, plaiting her

hair, still unconscious of the unwelcome intrusion. In the scene from "St. Ronan's Well" (364), the peppery nabob, Touchwood, with his determined bull-dog face, tanned to the colour of cayenne, and the recluse whom he is boring to death, are capitally contrasted. Mr. Mulready is a painter to be held up to all younger artists, as perhaps the best example our school affords of loving and conscientious carefulness in all that he puts his hand to. Let them look at the reward of such labour, not in money, for such work will never make the painter's fortune, but in fame and rank among the artists of England.

Mr. Leslie's place is not less honourable, though his works have not the technical perfection which marks Mr. Mulready's. Mr. Leslie has always been a somewhat dry and chalky colourist; but, even with this drawback, who has done better service as an illustrator of the very best domestic fiction of this country? So long as Addison, Goldsmith, and Sterne are read and loved, Mr. Leslie's works will be admired and held in honour. His "Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby" (369) may be enjoyed here; and we may accompany, under his guidance, the good knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, and the "Spectator" to the village church (392), through the ranks of his affectionate and respectful tenantry. No one has so perfectly and enjoyingly conceived English rural life in the last century as Mr. Leslie, American though he be. In this quality of entering with the keenest relish into the innocent amusements and honest affections of our peasantry—as they were, rather than as they are—Mr. Leslie resembles another of his countrymen, Washington Irving; and there is evidence of this sympathy between the two in the whole tone of their respective works with pen and pencil. In the "Scene from Henry VIII." (378), where the dying Queen is delivering her last wishes to Cromwell, Mr. Leslie's dryness of colour is more apparent than in either of the pictures already noticed; but there is much dignity in Catherine's wasted figure and a pathetic conception in the wan and faded face. "The Rivals" (380) is an amusing little passage, which might have been suggested by a comedy of Molière's, representing the painful effort of a stout and elderly suitor to pick up the fan, which a coquettish marquise has dropped, nothing loth to make

her fat admirer ridiculous in the eyes of his younger and lither rival.

Webster is the painter *par excellence* of that riotous genus, the English schoolboy. With what intense relish he enters into the humour of "The Slide" (350), where that hard-bided youngster has gone down, for the fun of having all the rest of the sliders floored over his shoulders. And with what a rush of intense enjoyment the rest of the village lads, just let loose from school, pour down to the ice, little suspecting the tumble in store for them.

"The Playground" (328) is another genuine bit of English schoolboy life, but less solidly painted than "The Slide." Want of solidity and poverty of *impasto* is the technical shortcoming of this excellent painter. If he added more body and force to his unsurpassed power of expression in scenes from humble life, Mr. Webster would have nothing to fear from a comparison with our own Wilkie, or the best of the Dutch painters of life in the *very* low countries. How perfectly is the story told, for example, in every head of those four village card-players, in "The Rubber" (334). How anxiously the fat man is waiting his opponent's lead; and how clearly we can see that his left hand adversary, for all his profound look, hasn't the ghost of a notion of whist! Was there ever truer rendering of the agonising sharps and flats of rustic psalmody, than in that "Village Choir" (352)? You may distribute them at once into tenors, basses, and altos; and you may look at the sharp-drawn face of that bassoon-player till you fancy you hear his droning notes. In this work, too, the painting is more solid and the light and shade more forcible than is usual with Mr. Webster. "The Smile" (447), and "The Frown" (452), where the barometer of a bench of school children tumbles from "set fair" to "stormy" under the magic influence of the master's look, is another brace of Mr. Webster's choicest bits of schoolboy character. His "Letter from the Colonies" (476) is a cottage interior, with a worthy old couple; the grey-haired father intently puzzling out the direction of a letter, which the village postman has just left, and is waiting, with no unkindly enjoyment, for the outburst which he knows will follow on discovery of whose the letter is—an absent son's, no doubt, far away in dusty



Australia, or the grim backwoods. The effect of evening light on the old man's white hairs beautifully helps out the sentiment of happy peaceful home-life, which this roving son has left, and now startles with tidings of his doings far away. Let us hope the news in that letter is good news, and that the quiet home will be all the happier to-night for its arrival. "Children going to School" (482), and "Children returning from School" (487), is contrast which those of us who are happy enough to have kept alive the memory of our school days will all remember—between the unwilling crawl to unwelcome lessons, and the joyous rush to the playground when the day's work was done. All honour to Mr. Webster for the power by which he so often makes boys of us once more. Who is not the better for now and then dropping the weary load of manhood, and going back to those gleeful school days?

Mr. Frith is more various in his themes than Mr. Webster—a more attractive and skilful painter, but scarcely showing, in any work of his here exhibited, that intense grasp of familiar facts and looks which brings Mr. Webster's work so home to all of us. He can travel too with fine feeling of the picturesque into the past of English life. But in his "Merry-making" (320)—with all its charm of painting, and its passage of genuine character, where the loutish clodhopper ventures to step between the rustic beauty and her sailor sweetheart, with an invitation to the country dance,—we miss, in Mr. Frith's revival of the rustic life of the past, that genuine hold which Mr. Leslie takes of similar subjects. But this feeling must not blind us to the high artistic merits of this picture—the skill with which the swing of the dance is expressed, and the fun of the foreground group, where the young ones are hauling off the old grand-dad to shake a leg with the village lads and lasses. There is capital delineation of character, too, in "The Stage Coach Adventure" (386), where a masked highwayman, evidently almost as frightened as the greatest coward in the whole coachload, thrusts his pistol into the window, terrifying the quakeress into a swoon, and making the gallant captain, armed to the teeth though he be, look almost as pale as the lady who is fainting on his shoulder; while the 'cute Friend in the broad brim, with all his wits about him—man of peace as he is—is

slyly hiding his pocket-book under the cushion of the seat. In his "Trial of a Witch" (394), Mr. Frith takes a bolder flight, transporting us into the oak-pannelled hall of an old English manor-house, where his worship sits in state to receive the depositions against an unlucky old woman accused of the foul sin of witchcraft, principally on the evidence of her "black cat," which a gruff retainer is holding up by the scruff of the neck. The handsome young forester—evidently the real author of the spell which has been put on the pretty village girl, whose ailments are laid at the poor old beldame's door—looks on as if not quite unconscious of the share he has had in the matter. In this picture Mr. Frith's great technical merits are worthily displayed. "Prayer" (374) is a passage of sweet domesticity, honestly painted. Charming as "Anne Page" (313) is, in her smart crimson bodice, we could wish Mr. Frith better employment than painting merely pretty faces. Still more do we feel inclined to quarrel with him for wasting his time on such trifles as that quartet of common-place fair ones, all in a frame, and without so much as a name among the four (529). The man who can conceive and represent such genuine comedy as Mr. Frith has put into his scene from the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (540), where the bloated *parvenu*, M. Jourdain, welcomes Dorante and the Marquise with such an elaborate bow, disappoints us when he condescends to "Coming, sir," and "Sherry, sir?" and "Did you call, sir?" and "Do you want your bed warmed, sir?" and so on, through the whole gamut of commercial-room civilities. Such work may be well enough to ornament the walls of a country inn bar; but Mr. Frith is capable of pictures fit for a better place, and should aim at higher appreciation than any which such trifles can win for him.

Mr. Egg, at least, never sins in this way; with quite as great a power of painting pretty faces as Mr. Frith, he always places them where they grace and help out a story. Witness his charming picture from the music-lesson scene in the "Taming of the Shrew" (596). The Bianca in this picture we are disposed to think the sweetest woman Mr. Egg has ever painted,—so radiant with ladylike good humour that we prefer her to the statelier Catherine, who is bringing in the bottle of schnaps to the tent

where Peter the Great (398), startled for the first time into admiration of her loveliness, eagerly questions his observant aide-de-camp, Mentschikoff,—from whose protection the lovely peasant is so soon to pass to his master's arms, and so to the throne of all the Russias. Nor can we give up our pet Bianca even for charming Nell Gwynne (526), prettily as she inclines her waggish head to the liquorish salute of worthy Master Pepys, who *will* have a kiss, whatever curtain lecture may be in store for him,—nor for the haughty beauty of the matted gallery of Whitehall, who is coolly building up her house of cards, as Buckingham pays his suit at her ear, with hopes destined to be so contemptuously upset by the same fillip that topples down the frail pasteboard erection (437). Light love lightly listened to, and treated as it would be well if more ladies of that merry court had treated such wooing. But Mr. Egg is not only the painter of the bright side of that butterfly life. He showed in his contrast (painted a few years ago) between Buckingham—

“In Cliefden's proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love,”

and the same Buckingham dying deserted—

“In the worst inn's worst room,”

that he can feel as well the dark reverse of that brilliant show. We could have wished that this impressive picture should have formed a part of our Exhibition.

Mr. Hook is one of those rare men who has had courage to change his line in art. Considering that the first thing most painters now-a-days aim at is to acquire the knack of imitating one effect or painting one style of scenery or subject so well that they may command a market for any number of repetitions of it, Mr. Hook deserves credit for the mere act of striking out a new track for himself. But his desert is doubled when the subjects he abandons are dead and worn out, and those he takes up instead living and fresh. Mr. Hook was one of several painters of about his own standing whose stock in trade may be described as a gondola, a guitar, a pair of crimson tights, a satin gown, and a vermilion barret cap. With these properties, these ingenious



young men would turn you out any required number of pictures—scene, a water lane in Venice—*dramatis personæ* a brace of gallants of the fifteenth century, a pair of ladies of ditto, a gondolier, or an aged doge, or a magnifico, as per subject. You had but to mix according to taste, dish up by received rules of composition, turn out hot, and you had your picture. This kind of pictorial dish is easily manufactured and generally liked. But such production is more akin to cookery than fine art. Mr. Hook seems to have so considered it; and, accordingly, after winning an associateship as an apprentice in the time-honoured Venetian kitchen, he suddenly sold off his stock in trade, gondola, guitar, red tights, and all, and left the Rialto and the Piazza di San Marco, with its dames, its duennas, and its doges, for good and all, betaking himself to quiet English lanes, Surrey farms, and North Devon fishing villages, and there devoting his art to homely realities, instead of magnificent masquerading. All honour to Mr. Hook, for his change from high to low, from death to life. There is not a single specimen of his original recipe picture here. But there are two capital bits of genuine English life, “The Passing Cloud” (338), a couple of rustic lovers, who have quarrelled, and not yet begun to make it up again; and “Welcome Bonny Boat” (370), a fisherman coming ashore, while his wife runs to the door of the seaside cottage to receive him, and their little one toddles down the steps and over the shingle, for a hug and a toss from its daddy. In this his return to native earth, Mr. Hook developed quite new powers as a landscape painter, and it is in that character he deserves notice, fully as much as in his original capacity of figure-painter. The scene of the “Passing Cloud” is an upland Surrey farm, with that wealth of wood and flow of marly knoll which belongs to the county. In the second picture, the fisherman is coming ashore near Clovelly, where the trees run down to dip their roots almost in the salt water. Both classes of landscape are thoroughly represented, with full force of daylight, true aerial effect, and commendable solidity. We have only one piece of advice to give Mr. Hook—do not let him stay all his life painting Surrey farms and Devonshire fishing villages. England—not to say the world—is wide enough to furnish other occupations and scenery. There is nothing keeps a painter’s brain from stagnation

and his hand from stiffening like novelty of impressions. Suppose Mr. Hook were to try Galway now, or Newhaven in herring time. If he wants episodes and interest of subject, there is Liverpool, with her emigrant ships. What stories are waiting the painters of this century in those sad freights, with their separations, their sorrows, and their hopes! There is no better *chiaroscuro* than that of the "tween decks;" and there are the human affections and the chances of the great sea to lay under contribution for emotion and effect.

Mr. Goodall, another promising associate of the Academy, unlike Mr. Hook, began by painting real life in Brittany. He afterwards paid a visit to Ireland. He has generally painted Breton and Irish scenes, with an occasional dash into the pleasant regions of the unreal picturesque, and one commendable effort at serious historical painting. Specimens of all his successive styles of subject are here. There is the "Arrest of a Breton Royalist," (453)—a picture of capital character and vigorous action—"A Breton Merry-making" (458), and "Breton Peasants passing a Wayside Cross" (622)—all true to the realities of that picturesque country, and well selected to illustrate the three mainsprings of Breton life, the love of music and the dance, deep devotion, and passionate loyalty to kings.

Again we have an "Irish Wedding" (312), not quite so genuine in its general character, perhaps, as the scenes of "Breton Life," but with evidence in its parts of accurate study from Irish models and in Ireland. For the unreal picturesque here hangs that very pretty little picture "An Episode in the happier days of Charles I." (563), a gay barge with the King and his family on the pleasant waters of the Thames at Hampton Court, all sunshine and swan-feeding; and "Hunt the Slipper" (629), a scene of imaginary rustic life, so pleasant, that one wishes it were true to actualities. Finally, and to crown all, we can show Mr. Goodall's single effort at history, "Cranmer at the Traitor's Gate" (457), an honestly-painted and carefully-conceived picture, though the scale is too small for the subject, and Cranmer is looking up to heaven a little too ostentatiously, considering that he is about to walk over a narrow plank leading to the boat. Even a martyr on his way to execution, we dare wager anything, would look to his

footing under such circumstances. In everything he does, Mr. Goodall deserves that praise for careful drawing and good painting which he earned by his first picture painted when he was a mere boy. The hardest thing we can say of him is that he has not improved since then so much as he ought to have done, had he been destined ever to attain a position much higher than he has reached already.

Mr. Philip is one of our most vigorous colourists, and he has developed higher and higher power in this respect since he went to Spain for subjects. Compare his "Drawing for the Militia" (514) with his "Andalusian Letter-writer" (573), and his "*Agua Fresca*" (571). In the first we may see sound painting, considerable perception of character, and humorous feeling of his subject; for example, in the burly militia lieutenant, with his back to the spectator, and in the rustic who is trying to keep himself under the fatal standard. But, as a piece of story-telling, this work is too crowded with incident for the merits it has to produce their full effect; and in colour it falls immeasurably below those two sun-lighted scenes of Spanish life, with their sun-ripened beauties and bronzed *manolos*. Mr. Philip is another example of new powers called out by fresh and real picturesqueness of subject. If artists must have this, let them go for it to the real life that is still picturesque; they need not go out of the United Kingdom for that. It lingers still by our waysides, and on our coasts—in Ireland and the Highlands. You may find it in a gipsy camp, or at a navvies' pay-table, ay, even in many a Lancashire clough, when the factory lasses pour out of the mill along the path by the stream, huddled in their bright shawls and kerchiefs. We have often watched such gaily coloured and graceful bands, and wondered why no Lancashire painter has yet been found to transfer them to canvas.

Mr. Ansdell, fired by Mr. Philip's success, last year accompanied his friend to Spain, and the first fruits of his new experience may be seen here in the "Returning from Labour" (583), a yoke of gaily caparisoned steers, bearing their master's wallet, with its freight of water-melons, on their sturdy necks, while he plods before in *sombrero* and *manta*, along the dusty road, fringed with



aloes. Mr. Ansdell never painted so well under the inspiration of English animal life; and yet he did not paint that badly; and Lancashire has reason to be proud of him, as one of her native artists.

Mr. Hurlstone, too, has tried the invigorating effects of a course of Spanish and Italian subjects; but it is to be feared he took to the medicine rather too late in life. Then, by his choice of subjects (427 and 490), he provokes comparison with Murillo, not by any means to his advantage. The skin of his beggar boys is waxen and dirty, where that of Murillo's is warm-blooded and sun-browned. Mr. Hurlstone's youthful vagabonds are not without their ragged grace, but they are sadly deficient in substantiality.

Mr. Horsley sticks to England, and chiefly affects the past, but with so nice a sense of humour, and graceful a sentiment, that we cannot quarrel with him for it. His "Lady Jane Grey and Roger Ascham" (557) is the most agreeable of the many various paintings of that well-known incident of the fair student who preferred to stay indoors with Plato to following the stag with her stout father and lady mother. There is a sweet virginal serenity in her air, and a pleasant summer stillness about the great oriel into which she has withdrawn with her books; and outside you see the green fields and the hunting party without envying them. Mr. Horsley has happily made us feel that Lady Jane's is the better choice. Again, in "The Madrigal" (549), what a pleasant, refined, family circle Mr. Horsley has assembled for the singing of one of Master Wilbye's sweet part-songs! How they all enjoy it, from the gray-haired squire to the handsome young people gathered about the virginals, and what good time they keep, the old with their voices, and the young with hearts as well as voices. So long as a painter can make the past thus genuine he has a perfect right to revive it for us. It is only against the past of the masquerade warehouse,—against Wardour-street *tableaux-vivants*,—that we make war. Mr. Horsley paints as carefully and agreeably as he conceives genially. He might have more force, but he could scarcely be more graceful.

Of Frank Stone, another associate of the Academy, and a

Manchester artist, our Exhibition deserved a better specimen than "The Duet" (430), which is but a namby-pamby piece of real life; the young men in it, above all, are sad "gents," and their good looks lack manliness.

Mr. G. B. O'Neill's "Deaf Juror" (454) is a capital subject done justice to. The stolidity of the central figure, deaf to reason as to sound, and the helpless hopeless eagerness of the cold and fasting eleven to make him hear one and the other, are rendered with the nicest truth.

Mr. P. F. Poole, A.R.A., is one of those tormenting painters whose technical defects are as palpable as his conceptions are poetic. We cannot condemn the one so heartily as they deserve from our sense of the other and greater merit. His "Song of the Troubadour" (326) is a case in point. Bertrand de Born is singing to his lute, to a party of knights and ladies, in his castle by the sea, under the light of a midsummer moon. The choice of incident and time bespeak fine imagination, and the light that suffuses the picture, and trembles in a long wake of silvery splendour on the sea, goes far to blind us even to the egregious faults of drawing and composition. But when the painter's imagination is not brought into the field, and he has nothing but his drawing and colour to trust to, the merits of the latter are altogether insufficient to reconcile us to the gross shortcomings of the former. This is unluckily the case in his other picture exhibited here, "Crossing the Brook" (555), where it is difficult to say whether mother or child most defies all laws of human anatomy and proportion.

Mr. Wallis's impressive "Death of Chatterton" (371) is too recent a triumph to demand more than a mere acknowledgment of its great merit. Never was the moral of a wasted life better pointed in painting than by that blunted pen, flung down in mad disappointment on the table by the bed of the unhappy suicide, and by the candle sending out the last smoke from its dying snuff into the cold air of the dawn, that rises over the cheerless London roofs.

Mr. Ripplingille painted Italian brigand life with such strong feeling for its peculiar character that it is a pity he ever left the Abruzzi and their brown piccaroons. His painting is always

thin and unsubstantial; but the story in his "Italian Banditti" (577) is excellently told. It represents the arrival of an old rogue of a dealer in the mountain haunt of Roman or Neapolitan banditti, with a new supply of weapons and ammunition for the rascals, who are snapping locks, and driving long knives through crown-pieces, and counting cartridges, in villanous glee.

We have now, we believe, called attention to the principal *genre* pictures in our English gallery, and pass on to the portraits. These are comparatively few. Mr. Grant is represented by his excellent full-length of Lord John Russell (580), the most satisfactory work, as a whole, of this intelligent and gentlemanlike painter. Of Sir J. Watson Gordon we have only the "Lord Cockburn" (498), true to the intelligent and kindly character of the original; the broadly painted head of J. P. Lewis (595), keen and imposing in its grey beard; the late "Professor Wilson" (Christopher North) (449), stalworth and self-possessed; our own "William Fairbairn," (570) whom all that run will recognise, so true it is to the homely, massive, thoughtful face, and the shrewd Scotch features and characteristic attitude of the Provost of Peterhead (552),—the last, perhaps, the best piece of portraiture from the painter's hand shown here, as his portrait of a lady (455) is, in every respect, the worst. But for a certain lack of daylight effect, and a tendency to blackness in the shadows, Sir J. Watson Gordon would take a first rank among portrait painters. As it is, he is without doubt the best portrait painter England has had since Reynolds. Mr. Gilbert is another most creditable representative of the Scotch school of portraiture. His full-length of Sir J. Watson Gordon (461) is among the best portraits here, and might, without discredit, be avowed by the subject of it as his own work, instead of a pupil's. Mr. Macnee's "Dr. Wardlaw" (466) is a broad massive full-length, easy in attitude, and free from all unreal background frippery; and Mr. Westcott's "Archdeacon Brooks" (505) is all but everything we could wish in the portrait of a local celebrity, painted by a local artist. It only fails of being so by a certain "foxiness" (to use a painter's word) or copperiness (to speak to unartistic understanding) in the shadows, which is the most dangerous tendency of Mr. Westcott's



colouring. In attitude and accompaniments this picture leaves nothing to be desired.

Mr. H. W. Phillips's "Sir Colin Campbell" (593) and "Owen Jones" (374), are both striking likenesses, and well-painted pictures.

Mr. Sant is rather a fancy painter of pretty faces than anything else. He can paint very pretty faces very prettily. But we desiderate honest truth sadly, in these conventional agglomerations of unnatural large eyes, immaterially clear complexions, and unnaturally rosy lips. There is no beauty attainable without truth. Mr. Sant shows how near a painter can get to the one without the other.

In landscape, the first place naturally falls to two of our oldest favourites, Stanfield and Roberts. Strangely enough, of all the works of the former shown here, the best to our thinking are the earliest and the latest—the former a picture called "The Wreck" (387), and the latter his last year's picture, "The Abandoned" (504). The first represents a sandy bight on a rocky shore, with a glimpse of stormy sea, where a good ship has gone down. Besides her masts and a bit of her hull seen above water, the sad tale is told by a spar that has been washed up, with a dead sailor lashed to it. The gulls are swooping about the body, and some have already settled near it, for their ghastly meal. Nothing can be truer or more impressive, and there is a force about the painting which is accounted for when we read the date of 1829 upon the picture. The second represents an abandoned ship drifting on a rough sea, under a wild sky. A gleam of awful stormy light falls through a rift in the slaty clouds, upon the lonely hull, as she pitches, mastless and rudderless, helplessly along. Mr. Stanfield's other works in our Exhibition include his two large and masterly war subjects, the "Battle of Roveredo" (483), painted in 1851, and the "Passage of the Magra" (343)—both fine combinations of the grandeur of nature and the destructive work of man. His "Dartmouth" (353), and "St. Michael's Mount" (377), are noble examples of this great master of his art. In his "Dort on the Maas" (499), he provokes comparison with Cuyp, who so often painted the same subject, and the comparison is unfavourable to the modern

painter, who fails most in the quality in which Cuyp is greatest, glow of sunlight.

Mr. Roberts has several of his well-known interiors and architectural subjects—some from his earlier travels in Spain—as his “Giralda, Seville” (535)—painted in 1833, and better in every respect than his later works of the same kind. Of his interiors, that of “Seville Cathedral,” painted in 1833, and that of “St. Stephen’s, Vienna,” leave us in doubt which is the most masterly. His large picture of “Rome” (434, in the vestibule), though made impressive by the conditions under which the mother city of the world is represented—with the red and level rays of a setting sun striking along the upper limbs of the stone pines, catching the higher parts of tower, and dome, and pinnacle, and leaving all the foreground and most of the middle distance in solemn and cold shadow—is too slight to deserve the name of a great picture. It is but the suggestion of a great picture. A younger man than Mr. Roberts, of equal powers with his in his best days, might well have shrunk from so huge a canvas, and so vast a subject. Mr. Roberts is best seen here in the water-colour gallery, where are hung many of the grandest drawings from his masterly series of views in Egypt and the Holy Land.

Mr. Creswick is here presented in several of the best among the limited class of effects and scenes to which he has confined his pencil. One, of a level sandy coast, with a fine effect of red sunset (548), is among the most impressive. “Passing Showers” (393) is the title of another—an English south country landscape, seen under flying gleams of April sun, and darkness of April shower, with a horseman riding hard towards a windmill to escape a threatened wetting. Better than any of these, however, is “The Rocky Lake” (321), one of those tarns embosomed in mountains with which Wales is so studded. A grand solemnity broods over the inky water, and one broad beam of sunlight slanting through a gorge serves to render the darkness of the foreground more appalling.

But we cannot feel, in presence of this picture, the same deep sense of awe and stillness which Mr. Anthony has managed to convey in his poetically conceived work—“The Glen at Eve” (332), before which we would beg any visitor to the Exhibition,

who may read these notices, to pause awhile, and allow the sentiment of the dark gorge, with its scattered boulders, and the red light of sunset that melts gradually in the limpid azure of the horizon, and thence up to the purple zenith, to sink into his mind. Of all the proofs Mr. Anthony has given of a profound grasp of some of the most soul-subduing aspects of nature, this is one of the completest.

We prefer Mr. Pyne's drawings to his pictures. Here he figures rather as a master of water colour than oil; for his one important picture, "Genoa" (506), in spite of the great skill and even profuse power it shows, seems to us unreal and shadowy; rather like a gorgeous dream than a waking reality of even the superb city.

The Linnells—father and son—are both well represented. We have a difficulty in saying anything that has not been said better by others of the elder painter's pictures. His colour is unchanging, his aspects of nature almost invariably the same. His "Crossing the Brook" (475) is an excellent example of his familiar subject and treatment—the broken marl banks, profuse wood, and far-seen distance in which he delights, with the usual rustic foreground facts. His classical composition, "Ulysses Landing" (471), is to us of no value absolutely. Better than any other picture of his here—more satisfactory to us on the whole than any work of his which we remember—is the small picture with the title "The Last Gleam" (481), about which, small as it is, there is an unforced grandeur that recalls to us some of the landscapes of Titian. It is nothing but a road traversing a flat, from which rises a range of hills much like those of Carnarvonshire, as seen from Anglesea. But the combination, simple as it is, of these features, with a happily composed and truthfully-felt evening sky, has resulted in a consummate whole; and on every "whole" of nature's furnishing the mind rests with reverent satisfaction.

To the younger Linnell, if we might trust to our own feelings, we should assign the palm among all the landscape painters in the Exhibition. His picture, "A Landscape—Autumn" (566), carries us deep into the fragrant leafage of a September copse, where the foxgloves are still in bloom, and the wild roses scarcely



yet withered. To stand before the picture is to feel knee deep in luxuriant grass, with the leaves above one's head, the setting sun shining red through every break of the crowding stems, and only the whirr of the startled cushat to break the hush of evening. Where shall we look for more patient and affectionate painting of tree, and flower, and woodland undergrowth of weed, than in this picture? Its companion, "A Morning in Autumn" (556), is the fit opening of a day to be so closed. The shepherds are on their way to unfold the sheep, penned all night under shelter of the near plantation, and over our heads is the tabernacle of morning sky, all barred with gold and violet. We know too little of such skies, but those only who have watched that splendour can appreciate this noble representation of it. A third landscape of this admirable young painter (610) hangs on the north wall of the hall, in the clock gallery—a spread of fields, in early spring, with the young corn just greening the furrows, while sloping away from the foreground rises a bank of wood, which as yet

"Stands in a mist of green, with nothing perfect ;"

of which the half-clothed branches cast sparse shadows on the fields that border the plantation. This picture is worthy of the other two ; and we cannot give it higher praise. If Mr. Linnell goes on as he has begun, he need fear no rival in minute and delicate painting of English landscape. We limit our praise by this epithet, for there is a broad and rapid rendering of landscape truth, as well as a minute and delicate one, and it is the rendering to which strong painters ought to tend. Rubens is the most perfect example of this power the world has yet seen. David Cox has it in water-colour. But it is given to few, and no man should attempt to force it, or the only result will be impudence and imperfection. Mr. Linnell may come to this, but, in the meanwhile, he is quite right in his minute and delicate way of working.

Among all our painters the best example of the progress to such breadth and boldness from the most careful and elaborate finish is presented by the great master, whom we have purposely reserved to close this series of criticisms on the English school—we mean Edwin Landseer. No painter has so large a space in our English

gallery as Landseer, and none has such a right to it, whether we consider the popularity of the painter or the merits of his works—two modes of measurement by no means always proportioned in their results.

We may trace Landseer here from his earlier and more careful stage of practice up to his perfection of free and masterly power. It is only in the course of nature that we should be able to follow him some steps in his decline from culmination, for Sir Edwin is not a young man, and can never again be what he was. It would be impertinence to enter into a detailed examination of all his works—some twenty we believe—here shown. We shall best consult the patience of our readers by directing attention to those which exemplify different periods of the painter's power. Among those earlier works which may guide us to the secret of Sir Edwin's present breadth and facility, we have here "Rat-catching" (339) terriers at their vocation; "The Shepherd's Grave" (345), that pathetic tribute to the fidelity of the dog, which Sir Edwin has also displayed in his equally touching picture of "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," so well known by the excellent engraving. How delicate and careful is his painting of this picture, in its simple elements, of the sheep-dog, with his faithful head drooped over the fresh grave, hooped with osier, the tombstone with its unfinished inscription, the mason's chisel still lying close at hand, and the moon just rising behind the head-stone. Here is no dash, no bravura, no parade of breadth or mastery, but honest close rendering of every object and effect. And the sentiment is worthy of the workmanship; like it, true to nature, delicate, and unobtrusive. The "Dog and Cat" (348), which hangs near, though pretending to no sentiment, is as admirable in the careful minuteness and solidity of the painting. So, Landseer worked as a young man. And thus he learnt the secret graphic effect by which he enabled himself to perform such feats as painting that "Spaniel and Rabbit" (405), in two hours and a-half. An inscription in pencil on the tree-stem records the fact. And now let us pass to the work of his perfected power. As examples of this, we will select for force his "Dogs of St. Bernard" (391); and for consummate expression his "Cat's-paw" (379). His "Dogs of St. Bernard" is worthy to stand by any work of Snyders,

for its force, and in pitch of sentiment as much superior to anything Snyders ever painted as any one human work can be to another. In the Flemish master we see brute nature violently acted upon by its more brutal instincts. Here the dog is all alive with feeling, which, while not untrue to canine nature, yet belongs to that part of the dog which is most akin to man. With what passionate energy these noble brutes are scratching away the snow from the half unburied body—what solicitude there is in the expression of the one which is licking the frozen face—and how the other's deep-mouthed bay seems to be pealed out like a bell, calling for succour in that howling wilderness! For strength of hand and mastery over animal anatomy and colour, this picture stands far away at the head of all else of Landseer's here exhibited, and the whole work is one by virtue of which Landseer may safely rest his claim to a place by the side of the greatest animal painters the world has yet seen—Rubens and Snyders; and even above them, in that he has ennobled the brute in his painting of it, while they seem rather to have lowered their humanity in order to more perfect apprehension and representation of the brute. Of the "Cat's-paw," as a piece of perfect animal story-telling, we can say nothing that a few minutes' reading of the picture will not suggest to everyone. It is as great in its perfectness of animal expression as the St. Bernard Dogs are in their perfectness of animal force.

All the other admirable works of Landseer in the Exhibition fall into a subordinate rank by the side of these two. Not that any praise can be too high for such pictures as "Dignity and Impudence," "The Stag at Bay," "There is Life in the Old Dog yet," "The Children of the Mist," or most of the others of this noblest series of one man's works in this our gallery. All we mean is that, while most of these are highest in their rank, their rank is not the highest attained by the master. Nor need we point out that as the pictures approximate to the present time, they betray less and less of that complete union of breadth with force which always marks the best works of the strongest men.

As might have been expected, on recurring to what we have written of the English pictures at Old Trafford, we find several



omissions, for which we must apologise, and which we now do our best to supply.

Among the painters who occupy the debateable ground between history and *genre*—who have shown a power in the higher branch which makes it plain that they only work in the humbler because the higher has no adequate field at present open to it in this country—we were inexcusable for omitting Mr. Elmore. He has three pictures here. One, “Rienzi at the Capitol” (502), is an historical subject, treated literally and not ideally. The painter has tried to conceive the scene, costume, and personages as they may have actually appeared, and not as this or that great painter of bygone days would have represented them. Such imitation is very much what the so-called “ideal treatment” of a subject resolves itself into now-a-days. The scale of the picture seems to us one adapted rather to a less weighty theme, than to the dignified incident Mr. Elmore has attempted to embody. There are good painting, correct drawing, and agreeable arrangement in the picture, but it fails to impress us. It does not rise much above a high order of *tableau vivant*. The effort to please has predominated over the desire or over the power to seize the incident with realising force. Mr. Elmore’s merits are more satisfactorily shown in his other two pictures—“The Novice” (500), a pretty nun in her cell contemplating from afar off the gaities of the world she has not yet left long enough for penance or vigil to have done their work on her round cheek—and the “Origin of the Stocking Loom” (501), where we see Lee, the poor expelled scholar, to whom the invention is attributed, sitting by his fair young wife hampered at once by her baby and her knitting, as if he felt that those poor toiling fingers deserved rest, or work less mechanical than that of the needles. The picture is agreeable in execution, but the incident, as Mr. Elmore conceives it, is one essentially unsuited for painting. It reduces itself to a personable young man looking rather sadly at his pretty wife. Both this and the preceding subject, in fact, have been treated ornamentally by Mr. Elmore. A man of a more exigent imagination might have given us a glimpse into the struggle in the mind of the novice between the world and the cloister—might have invested that struggle with powerful, even tragic interest. So the inventor of the stocking

loom might have been shown in a plight of really saddening distress, and what Mr. Elmore has left a mere pretty piece of picturesque domesticity might have been lifted into the region of universal human interest, by connecting the invention of the scholar with some real sore suffering of the mother or the child. Supposing, for example, the painter had conveyed to us that the knitting interfered with the mother's tending on a sick child, and that this had prompted the invention—might not this have been done, and the interest of the picture thus made higher?

Mr. W. C. Thomas deserves respectful notice for an instructing elevation of aim. This is shown in his picture here of "The Heir cast out of the Vineyard" (568). His technical peculiarities are disagreeable. His pictures want atmosphere; his colouring is faint and cold, and his forms are hard, though noble.

"April Love"—that very sweet picture of a young painter, Mr. Hughes—should have been noticed. Works which show real poetic sentiment are not so common among us that they should be passed in silence by the critic. Mr. Hughes has embodied the heart's season of smiles and showers in a young girl of seventeen, who, after a love-quarrel, is giving her hand again to the lover, whose repentant head is bowed upon this white seal of forgiveness, while the tears form and fall slowly from her averted eyes. The sentiment of the picture is delicately conveyed. The dress of the girl is painted with great purity and force of colour. But the leaves which climb about the trellis, under which the little drama is being enacted, are too positive and crude in their green, even for ivy under the strongest sun-light. The arms of the principal figure are much too small. The flesh tones are yellow, and most ungallantly untrue to the beautiful red and white of sweet seventeen. A painter who can feel the tender sentiment of early womanhood so sweetly should do more justice to its outward loveliness.

Mr. Faed's picture of the "Village School" might pass muster, but for the comparison it must encounter in this Exhibition with the work of painters such as Wilkie for workmanship, and Webster for boy-character. In his "Home and the Homeless," a repetition of a larger picture, Mr. Faed shows his agreeable qualities, both of expression, colour, and composition. His

"Evangeline," too, is a tender and pensive conception of that long-suffering heroine, and a delicate piece of neutral-toned colour. His "Walter Scott and his Contemporaries" (613) has an interest from the subject. As a picture it is slight and weak.

Mr. Helmsley and Mr. Smith are both entitled to the praise of coming quite as near Mr. Webster as they have any right to expect at their time of life. Mr. Helmsley in "Draughts—Black to Move" (586), has represented, all but as well as Mr. Webster could have done, the puzzlement of the old grandfather and the glee of the mischievous urchins who have posed the old man. Like Pyrrhus, he has turned opponents into victors by conquering them.

Mr. A. Christie, in his "Incident from the Plague" (515), has treated very forcibly a very probable incident of the sad year of 1666. A citizen has returned to his house, in London, after an absence of some time, to find the awful red cross, and its ghastly prayer—"The Lord have mercy upon us," upon the outer door. He has covered his face with his hands in his shock of agony. Mr. Christie has been content to render this impressive conception impressively. In the solitude of the street, there is a more terrible tale told than could be conveyed by any procession of dead carts, or passage of Solomon Eagles, or dance of mad revelers, such as many painters would have been likely to introduce. The man is left alone with his great grief, only to give way to the short struggle of miserable doubt before he enters to find out the worst.

Mr. Baxter is one of those painters of pretty faces—satisfied to be pretty, and there an end—who, let critics say what they will, seem always to command a market in this country. Mr. Baxter is a skilful manufacturer of his very attractive article. Would that we often met such Wayfarers (599), in our pedestrian excursions, as Mr. Baxter, happy man, can call into existence on his canvas, when he pleases. And, oh for a garland of such "White and Red Roses" as the painter has gathered into a bouquet in 494! What a bachelor's paradise it would be—or rather, what a bachelor's purgatory. Think of the terrible embarrassment of choice between the pale and glowing loveliness, between the delicate bud of purity, and the full-flushed flower of passion.



By what oversight we came to omit Mr. Redgrave, Mr. Harding, Mr. Lee, Mr. Danby, and Mr. Cooke, from our notice of the landscape painters we cannot imagine. The two latter illustrate opposite styles of conception and effort. In Mr. Cooke we respect one of our honestest and truest transcribers of nature. He makes no pretence to any special gift of transmutation by imaginative alchemy, in which as in its chemical prototype there are more pretenders than adepts. He paints with consummate precision and undeviating honesty what he sees, and he sees with a painter's eye, and ranges a wide world of city, and sea, and shore, for his experiences. His "Elizabeth Castle, Jersey" (573), and his "View of Oneglia" (323), and his "Dogana at Venice" (324), are three important examples of his power of painting different kinds of subjects under different conditions of atmosphere and climate. There are, besides, scattered about the gallery, some capital bits of sea-side still-life from his hand—as "Rouge et Noir" (508), where the lobster stands for *rouge*, and the ancient pot, in which he has been transfigured from steel-blue to scarlet, for *noir*, and another of a cave in a chalk cliff, with lobster pots and other fisherman's gear.

Mr. Danby, on the other hand, aims at the most idealised treatment of landscape. Every one of his pictures is conceived with an aim at the enforcement of some particular effect, which dominates the whole—often at the cost of truth in detail. Sometimes, indeed, his work seems to have been prompted by imitation of John Martin, as in his "Opening of the Sixth Seal," where the sinners are calling upon the mountains to cover them and the rocks to swallow them up. Such works come within no limits of criticism with respect to their truth or untruth. They are grand works of imagination for those they impress. For those they do not impress they are but fantastic displays of eccentric power, with startling effects of strange ghostly gleams and flashes. The best example of Mr. Danby's peculiar style of work, in this Exhibition, appears to us to be his "Lake of Zurich" (578), painted in 1849, and his "Evening Gun" (197), hung in the second vestibule, near an effective wood sketch of Constable's, which has arrived since our notice of that painter was written. In the "Zurich," sky, lake, mountain, and wooded shore are

steeped in the rosy light of sunset, which lays here and there a fiery finger on branch, or boat, or roof pinnacle. All is dreamy, hushed, and solemn; the whole composition is an imaginative reproduction of one of the most impressive conditions of darkling nature. The "Evening Gun" aims at the same class of effect. In this the impression is produced by the taper spars of a ship of war rising, black and sharp, across a bed of gold and crimson-barred sunset clouds, into the limpid green light of the twilight sky. The smoke of the evening gun rolls low across the level waters. To enhance the effect, Mr. Danby has enormously exaggerated the proportions of masts and yards to the hull of his vessel, which is unnecessary, as well as untrue. Probably this is the masterpiece of the painter—the consummation of the one effect after which he seems to have striven more successfully than after any other. There are some classicalities of his in the Exhibition which do not invite further notice.

Mr. Redgrave is a true and honest lover of common English woodland, and paints it as only those can who love it—minutely and faithfully. His "Forest Portal" (397), is a fine example of this master.

Mr. J. D. Harding is perhaps the most skilful composer of a landscape, the most thoroughly broken-in to the secrets and sources of effect, in arrangement of light, of all our painters. But he is essentially a water-colour artist, and carries the peculiar effects and means of water colour too much into his oil pictures. But his "Jung Frau" (366) is a work of which most professed oil painters might be proud.

Mr. Lee resembles Mr. Redgrave in his love of English outdoor nature. He has grown a little monotonous and tame of late in his rendering of his favourite subjects. But he has done very genuine work. His best work here is "The Breakwater" (544).

Mr. Holland is one of those painters over whom the sense of the purely picturesque in colour seems to have gained so much dominion that he has renounced all great and sustained work for the pleasure of dashing off luscious little bits of beautiful chromatic effect. We have here only two of these bits as examples of the painter, "The Chapel of St. John the Baptist at Lisbon" (439), and "A Scene in Venice" (443).

For colour there are few things in their kind finer than the Miss Mutries' flowers (438, 444, 446, 451), and George Lance's rich combinations of fruit and jewelled cups, looking like relics of some gorgeous feast in a great Italian hall, where the southern sun had ripened the one and Cellini chiselled the other. There is also an example of Mr. Lance's earlier and more ambitious style of subject, "Melancthon's First Misgivings" (542), where the spiritual monk has questionings as to the acceptableness in God's sight of that monastic life which has bred such a human porker as the gorbellied prior who is sleeping by the remains of his abundant meal.

Nor should we pass, without a few words of regret and sympathy for the bereaved father, by the one picture which Mr. A. T. Herbert has left behind him as an unfulfilled earnest of achievements to come. Its subject is "Philip IV. of Spain conferring Knighthood on Velasquez" (600). It is a picture at once naturally conceived, and carefully painted in the manly style which alone is suited to the hero of it. It is the first work which brought the painter into notice, and the last he lived to paint.

Mr. Pearce's portraits of our Arctic navigators (484, 485, 521) will have interest for all visitors to the gallery. They are painted in a manly style, and with appropriate accessories.

Mr. Linton is a painter who has shown a power akin to Mr. Danby's, in reproducing those magnificent pageants of the classical ages which Turner sometimes indulged in. There are two of these waking dreams here, "A Greek City" (518), and the "Return of a Greek Armament" (524). These pictures are entitled to respectful mention; but we cannot speak of them with any cordiality of appreciation, for they seem to us, like all works of the same kind, examples of misapplied labour, and thought put out to bad interest. The highest reach of ordinary imagination in art—perhaps the worthiest work of all imagination—is to idealise the real; that is, to lift facts into their highest significance and beauty. It will generally fail in the attempt to realise ideal, or, in other words, to convert imaginings into facts. The body must exist before the soul can be put into it. For nine hundred and ninety painters out of a thousand, the world before them is the body into which, by their art, they may



breathe a soul. But in such works as these of Mr. Linton's, the painter imposes on himself the task of creating body and soul both. Some ten of the thousand only are likely to be capable of that.\* It should be added that Mr. Linton has done better and more real things than these, and should not be judged by them.

Bright, M'Culloch, Johnson, Tennent, and Clint, are landscape painters who do credit to their respective schools and justice to their various styles of subject. Of the five, we should class the first by many degrees the highest.

Lastly, some words of sincere sympathy may be allowed over the pictures of poor Dadd in this gallery. They will never reach him in that Bedlam cell, where the rest of his life must pass,—less unhappy in that he is allowed to ply his pencil even in that dreary place. Here are two of his fairy subjects, "Puck on a Mushroom" (335), and "Midsummer Night's Dream" (477), and a larger picture of an Arab caravan on its journey, called "The Water Carriers" (603). This work—with a most impressive "moonlight halt," and a ghastly little invention of desert-horror, framed in by demons such as his distempered brain alone could devise, in the water-colour gallery here—constitutes the sole remaining record of impressions made by that eastern journey, during which the painter's fatal malady gathered strength, to break out after his return in that horrible event which none of our readers can have forgotten. These fairy pictures have a melancholy interest, as the workings of a teeming but disordered brain. His friends used to banter the poor young painter, when he spoke of these gnomes and fairies, who swing within flower-beds, and drink their dew-drops, and wanton in the cold stream of the moon ray, as of familiar acquaintances, who came nightly to sit to him for their portraits. Alas, they little knew what those visions portended, or how they were to end! In the Eastern scene, now hung in the Clock Gallery, there is nothing of wildness

\* Since this passage on Mr. Linton's works was first printed, Mr. Linton has pointed out that these two works of his were painted thirty years ago, and not inserted in the list sent in by him to the Committee of the Manchester Exhibition for selection, at their request—that list consisting almost entirely of local scenes. Mr. Linton considers himself unfairly treated by the choice made of his pictures for exhibition; and not without reason, as it seems to us, for he is thus, against his will, represented by works of his immature time.

—only a certain subdued key of colour which is curious and uncommon, and much sober good drawing, with a certain biblical sentiment. You might fancy you see a migration of Abraham from the plains of Shinar, or a flitting of Job from one of his possessions to another in a far-off country. But the water colour drawings are full of the lurid imagination of insanity, while they deserve careful examination for their impressive solemnity also.

We have now given all the space we can devote to our English gallery of paintings. We should gladly have added to our notices some general remarks upon the tendencies, good and bad, of our school. But for this we must hope to find some future opportunity.

